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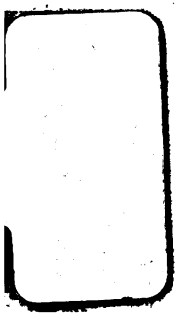

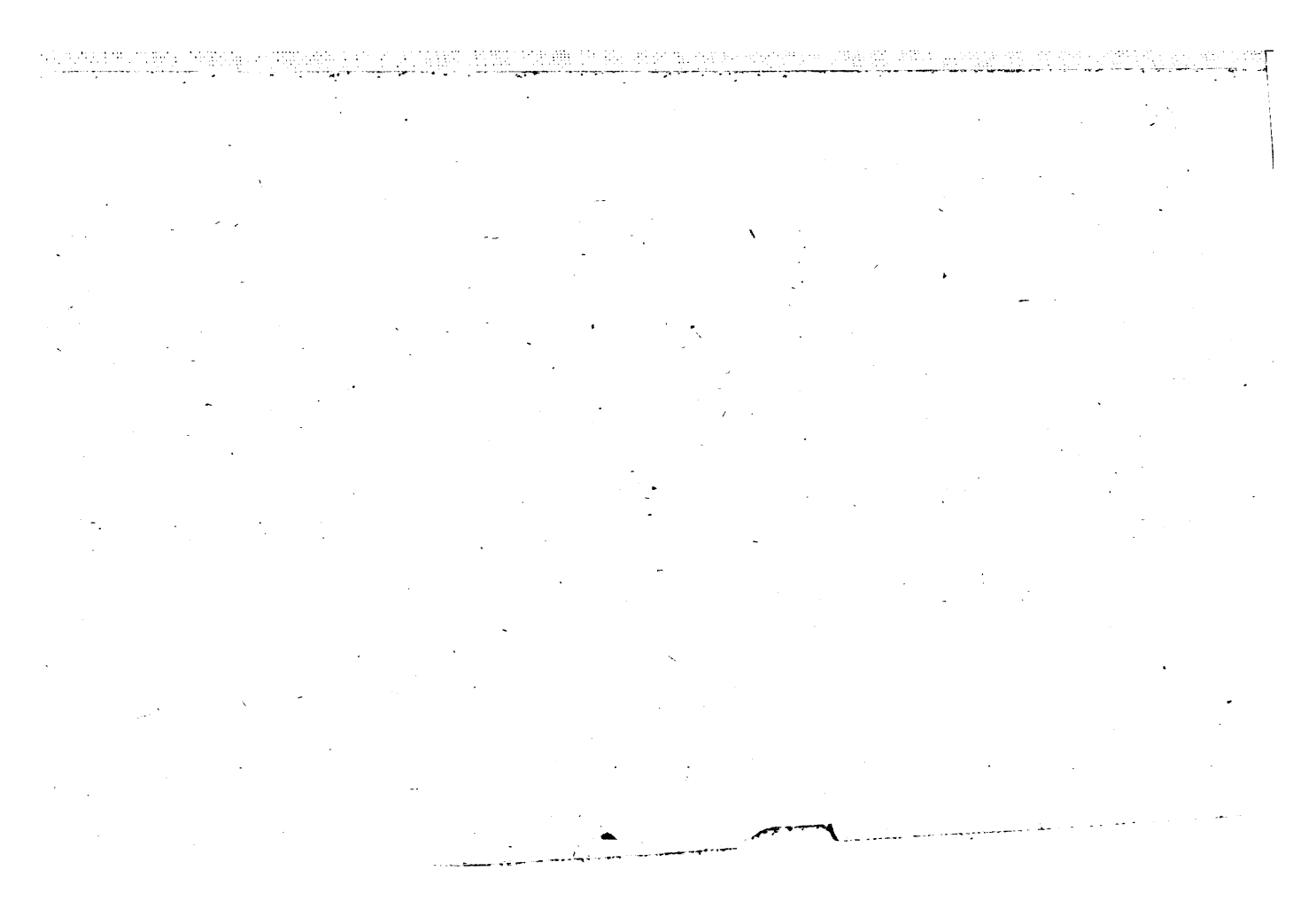

Werner's

Readings and Recitations

No. 43

Old-Time Favorites

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EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY

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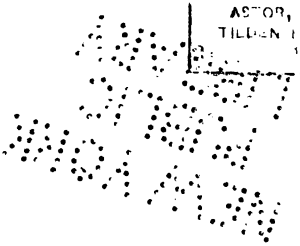

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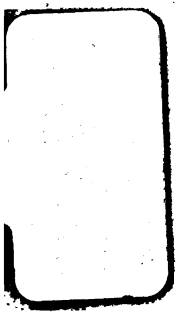

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore.
Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade;
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and somber, and still.

And, lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village-street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village-clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village-clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning-breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled;
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight-message of Paul Revere.

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING-MACHINE.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

AN aspiring genius was Dary Green:
The son of a farmer,—age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean,—
Just right for flying, as will be seen;
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry; for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet or screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too.

And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,
Excepting Dædalus of yore
And his son Icarus, who wore
Upon their backs those wings of wax
He had read of in the old almanacs.
Darius was clearly of the opinion,
That the air is also man's dominion,
And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
We soon or late shall navigate
The azure as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;
And, if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it:

"The birds can fly, an' why can't I?
Must we give in," says he with a grin,

"That the bluebird an' phœbe are smarter'n we be?
That Icarus made a pretty muss,—
Him an' his daddy Dædalus;
They might 'a' knowed that wings made o' wax
Wouldn't stand sun-heat an' hard whacks:
I'll make mine o' luther, ur suthin' ur other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned,
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To mummies that never can understand
The fust idee that's big an' grand."

So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
And all such things as geniuses use;—
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
And a big strong box, in which he locks
These and a hundred other things.
And, whenever at work he happen'd to spy
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
He let a dipper of water fly:
"Take that! an', ef ever ye git a peep,
Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"

So, day after day,
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
Till at last 'twas done,—
The greatest invention under the sun!
"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fur some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July, and the weather was dry,
And not a cloud was on all the sky,
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.
Thought cunning Darius, "Now, I shan't go
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show:
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,
I'll hev full swing fur to try the thing,
An' practise a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
Says brother Nate. "No; botheration!
I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—
My gracious!—feel's though I should fly!"
Said Jotham, "'Sho! guess ye better go."
But Darius said, "No!
Shouldn't wonder 'f you might see me, though,
'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."
For all the while to himself he said,—

"I tell ye what!
I'll fly a few times around the lot,
To see how 't seems, then soon's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,
I'll astonish the nation, an' all creation,
By flyin' over the celebration!
I'll make b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;
An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon!"

His brothers had walked but a little way,
When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
"What is the feller up to, hey?"
"Don'o',—the's suthin' ur other to pay,
Ur he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum to-day."

Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!
He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
Ef he hedn't got some machine to try."
Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn
Le's hurry back, an' hide 'n the barn,
An' pay him fur tellin' us that yarn!"
"Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
Along by the fences, behind the stack,
And, one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl.

As knights of old put on their mail,—
From head to foot an iron suit,
Iron jacket and iron boot,
Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead,
So this *modern* knight prepared for flight,
Put on his wings and strapped them tight,—
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light,—
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip,—
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
And a helm had he, but that he wore,
Not on his head, like those of yore,
But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said, "he's up in the shed!
He's opened the winder,—I see his head!
He stretches it out, an' pokes it about,
Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
An' nobody near;—
Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!
He's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
He's a climbin' out now—Of all the things!
What's he got on? I van, it's wings!

An' that t'other thing? I vum, it's a tail!
An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
Steppin' careful, he travels the length
Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.
Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that,
Fur to see 'f the' 's any one passin' by,
But the' 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him wonderin' eye,
To see—The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
Flop—flop—an' plump to the ground with a thump!
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere,—
Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels,—
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting-stars, and various things.
Away with a bellow fled the calf,
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
'Tis a merry roar from the old barn-door,
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying:
"Say, D'rius! how do you like flyin'?"
Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he stanched his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
"Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
He said; "but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
O' fun in't when ye come to light."

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

ROSE A. HARTWICK THORPE.

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton,"—Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy, walls so dark and damp and cold,—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset;" and her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton,—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly poisoned dart,—
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right;
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep center Bessie made a solemn vow:

She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew Basil Underwood *must die.*"
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright,—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken, "Curfew *must not* ring to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church-door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but, with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro:
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew *must not* ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now;
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly, "Curfew *shall not* ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out; the city seemed a tiny speck below;
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf Sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell)
Thought that night the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell:
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,

Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating, *"Curfew shall not ring to-night."*

It was o'er; the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done
Should be told in long years after: as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, agèd sires, with heads of white,
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden beauty now:
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light:
"Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

JAMES W. WATSON.

O THE snow, the beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and earth below!
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing, flirting, skimming along.
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, but fickle as love!

O the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in their maddening fun
They play in their glee with every one,
Chasing, laughing, hurrying by;
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye:
Ringing, swinging, dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow!
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by;
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow,—but I fell!
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead:
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;

Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father, mother, sisters, all,
God and myself, I have lost by my fall;
And the veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide swoop lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on or about me I know
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice strike my desperate brain;
Fainting, freezing, dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

OUR EUROPEAN GUIDES.

MARK TWAIN.

EUROPEAN guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart, and tell it as a parrot would,— and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again.

After we discovered this, we *never* went into ecstasies any more,—we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He said:

"Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent,—unconcerned. The doctor then said:

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah,—did he write it himself, or,—or how?"

"He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

"Why, I have seen boys in America, only fourteen years old, that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo—"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you musn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said,—

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis us! I show you beautiful,

Oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo! — splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust,—for it *was* beautiful,—and sprang back:

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand,—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass, procured for such occasions:

"Ah,—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo,—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America!—discover America, Oh, ze devil!"

"Discover America? No,—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo,—pleasant name;—is—is he dead?"

"O corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen,—I do not know *what* he die of."

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe,—maybe. I do *not* know,—I think he die of something."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah,—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust!—*zis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see,—happy combination,—very happy combination indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican. We came very near expressing interest sometimes. It was hard to keep from it. The guide was nonplussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but

it was a failure; we never showed any interest in any thing. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last,—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:—

"See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name?—he got no name!—Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No. *'Gyptian* mummy."

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy,—mummy. How calm he is, how self-possessed! Is—ah!—is he dead?"

"O *sacre bleu!* been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely:

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile secondhand carcasses on *us!* Thunder and lightning! I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or we'll make a mummy of you!"

We make it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. However, he has paid us back. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored, as well as he could, to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics.

I cannot praise the preacher's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine;
For when he prays, he shuts his eyes,
And when he preaches, he *shuts mine.*

FATE OF VIRGINIA.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

OF all the wicked Ten, still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten, Appius Claudius was the worst.
He stalked along the forum like King Tarquin in his pride:
Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side;
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth which alway seemed to sneer.
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close behind his heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client, Marcus, steals,
His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his lord may say.
Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky
Shines out the dewy morning star, a fair young girl came by.
With her small tablets in her hand and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm;
And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of man.
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
And Appius heard her sweet, young voice and saw her sweet, young face
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race;
And all along the forum and up the Sacred Street
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small, glancing feet.

* * * * * * *

Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing,

And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home.
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
She crossed the forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon she used to play,
When up the varlet, Marcus, came, not such as when erewhile
He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true client smile.
He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia's path and caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frighted maiden and screamed, with look aghast;
And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast;
The money-changer Crispus, with his thin, silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares,
And the strong smith, Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
And Volero, the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
All came in wrath and wonder: for all knew that fair child;
And as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and smiled.
And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back and let the maiden go.
Yet glared he fiercely round him and growled in harsh, fell tone:
"She's mine, and I will have her; I seek but for mine own.
She is my slave, born in my house and stolen away and sold,
The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire.
Let him who works the client wrong beware the patron's ire!"

* * * * * * *

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;
Virginius caught the whittle up and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,

And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake: "Farewell, sweet child!
Farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee thou know'st I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword and hung it up, and brought me forth my
gown!
Now, all these things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never
know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more
kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

GEORGE CROLY.

CONSCRIPT FATHERS:
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that Plebeian talk, 'tis not my trade;
But here I stand for right,—let him show proofs,—

For Roman right, though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves!
His charge is false;—I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong.
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what?
To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge, moldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below. [*To the Senate.*]

Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones;
Fling down your scepters; take the rod and axe,
And make the murder as you make the law.

Banished from Rome! What's banished but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished! I thank you for't: it breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my Lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here I fling

Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your Consul's merciful!—for this all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

"Traitor!" I go; but, I return! This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow; this hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my Lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus; all shames and crimes;
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but when I come, 'twill be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake,—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves! [*To the Lictors.*]
I will return.

JOHN MAYNARD—HERO PILOT.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

JOHN MAYNARD was well-known in the Lake district as a God-fearing, honest, and intelligent man. He was pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon. At that time those steamers seldom carried boats. Smoke was seen ascending from below; and the captain called out, "Simpson, go

below and see what the matter is down there."

Simpson came up with his face as pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

Then, "Fire! fire! fire!" on shipboard.

All hands were called up; buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach there?"

"Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger! Here, see the smoke bursting out!—go forward, if you would save your lives!"

Passengers and crew—men, women, and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose.

The captain cried out through his trumpet," "John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east, and run her on shore," said the captain.

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore.

Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!"

The response came feebly, "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help, I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand was disabled;—his knee upon the stanchion, his teeth set, his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to God.

MY DOUBLE, AND HOW HE UNDID ME.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

I AM, or rather, was a minister, and was settled in an active, wide-awake town with a bright parish and a charming young wife. At first it was all delightful; but, as my duties increased, I found myself leading a double life—one for my parish, whom I loved, and the other for a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws. It was then that on my wife's suggestion I looked for a double—some one who would pass for me and fill the many engagements I wanted to shirk. I found him. When he was discovered his name was Dennis Shea, and he was not shaved, had no spectacles, and his style of dress was not at all like mine; but these difficulties were soon surmounted, for, by application to the Judge of Probate, his name was soon changed to Frederick Ingham—my name. As for appearance, he was so much like me that by the united efforts of Polly and myself and a tailor he was made to look the exact image of me. Then in four successive afternoons I taught him four speeches, which were to be his stock in trade:

No. 1—"Very well, thank you; and you?" (This for an answer to casual salutations.)

No. 2—"I am very glad you liked it." (This in response to a compliment on a sermon.)

No. 3—"There has been so much said, and on the whole so well said, that I will not occupy the time." (This for public meetings when called to speak.)

No. 4—"I agree in general with my friend on the other side of the room." (This when asked for an opinion of his own.)

Thus equipped, my double attended a number of conventions and meetings which I was too busy to notice and was very successful. He gained a good reputation for me, and people began to say I was less exclusive than I used to be, and that I was more

punctual, less talkative, etc. His success was so great that one evening I risked him at a reception. I could ill afford the time to go, and so I sent him with Polly, who kept her eye on him, and afterward told me about it. He had to take a very talkative lady—Mrs. Jeffries—down to supper, and at sight of the eatables he became a little excited, and attempted one of his speeches to the lady. He tried the shortest one in his most gallant manner: "Very well, thank you; and you?" Polly, who stood near his chair, was much frightened, as this speech had no connection with anything that had been said, but Mrs. Jeffries was so much engrossed with her own talking that she noticed nothing. She rattled on so busily that Dennis was not obliged to say anything more until the eating was over, when he said, to fill up a pause: "There has been so much said, and on the whole so well said, that I will not occupy the time." This again frightened Polly, but she managed to get him away before he had done anything serious.

After this my double relieved me in so many ways that I grew quite light-hearted. That happy year I began to know my wife by sight. We saw each other sometimes, and how delightful it was! But all this could not last; and at length poor Dennis, my double, undid me!

There was some ridiculous new movement on foot to organize some kind of a society, and there was to be a public meeting. Of course, I was asked to attend and to speak. After much urging I consented to go and sit on the platform, upon condition that I would not be called upon to make a speech. This was agreed upon, and I went—that is, Dennis went, having been told to say nothing on any subject. He sat resplendent on the platform, and kept his peace during the preliminary exercises, which were rather dry. Governor Blake called the meeting to order; but, as he really did not know what the object of the gathering was, he said that there were other gentlemen present who could entertain them better than he. Then there followed an awkward scene, for nobody wanted to speak, and every one that was called upon was either absent or unprepared; and finally a wretched boy in the

gallery called out, "Ingham! Ingham!" The Governor thought I would respond; and, as nothing had been said so far, he ventured to ask me, saying: "Our friend, Mr. Ingham, is always prepared, and though we had not relied upon him, he will say a word, perhaps." Applause followed, which turned Dennis's head. He rose and tried speech No. 3: "There has been so much said, and on the whole so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time!"

Then he sat down, looking for his hat—for things seemed squally. But the people cried, "Go on! Go on!" and some applauded. Dennis, still confused, but flattered by the applause, rose again, and this time tried No. 2: "I am very glad you like it." Which, alas! should only be said when complimented on a sermon. My best friends stared, and people who didn't know me yelled with delight. A boy in the gallery cried out: "It's all a humbug!" just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence, and tried No. 4: "I agree in general with my friend on the other side of the room." The poor Governor, doubting his senses, crossed to stop him, but too late. The same gallery boy shouted: "How's your mother?" And Dennis, completely lost, tried as his last shot No. 1: "Very well, thank you; and you?" The audience rose in a whirl of excitement. Some other impertinence from the gallery was aimed at Dennis; he broke all restraint and to finish undoing me, he called out: "Any wan o' ye blatherin' rascals that wants to fight, can come down an' I'll take any five o' yez, single-handed; ye're all dogs and cowards! Sure an' I've said all his riverance an' the mistress bade me say!"

That was all; my double had undone me.

FIRST SETTLER'S STORY.

WILL CARLETON.

WELL, when I first infested this retreat,
Things to my view looked frightful incomplete;
But I had come with heart-thrift in my song,
And brought my wife and plunder right along.

My girl-wife was as brave as she was good,
And helped me every blessèd way she could;
She kep' our little log-house neat as wax,
And once I caught her fooling with my axe.
She hadn't the muscle (though she *had* the heart)
In out-door work to take an active part;
She *was* delicious, both to hear and see,—
That pretty girl-wife that kep' house for me.

Well, neighborhoods meant counties in those days;
The roads didn't have accommodating ways;
And maybe weeks would pass before she'd see—
And much less talk with—any one but me.
And finally I thought that I could trace
A half heart-hunger peering from her face.

One night, when I came home unusual late,
Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate,
Her supper struck me wrong, (though I'll allow
She hadn't much to strike with, anyhow);
And, when I went to milk the cows, and found
They'd wandered from their usual feeding-ground,
And maybe'd left a few long miles behind 'em,
Which I must copy, if I meant to find 'em,
Flash-quick the stay-chains of my temper broke,
And in a trice these hot words I had spoke:
"You ought to've kept the animals in view,
And drove 'em in; you'd nothing else to do.
The heft of all our life on me must fall;
You just lie round, and let me do it all."

She handed back no words, as I could hear;
She didn't frown; she didn't shed a tear;
Half proud, half crushed, she stood and looked me o'er,
Like some one she had never seen before!

But such a sudden anguish-lit surprise
I never viewed before in human eyes.

Next morning, when, stone-faced but heavy-hearted,
With dinner-pail and sharpened axe I started
Away for my day's work, she watched the door,
And followed me half way to it or more;
And I was just a-turning round at this,
And asking for my usual good-by kiss;
But on her lip I saw a proudish curve,
And in her eye a shadow of reserve;
And she had shown—perhaps half unawares—
Some little independent breakfast airs;
And so the usual parting didn't occur,
Although her eyes invited me to her.

But, when at noon my lunch I came to eat,
Put up by her so delicately neat,—
Choicer, somewhat, than yesterday's had been,
And some fresh, sweet-eyed pansies she'd put in,—
"Tender and pleasant thoughts," I knew they meant,—
It seemed as if her kiss with me she'd sent;
Then I became once more her humble lover,
And said, "To-night I'll ask forgiveness of her."

I went home over-early on that eve,
Having contrived to make myself believe,
By various signs I kind o' knew and guessed,
A thunder-storm was coming from the west.

Half out of breath, the cabin door I swung,
With tender heart-words trembling on my tongue;
But all within looked desolate and bare:

My house had lost its soul,—she was not there!
A penciled note was on the table spread,
And these are something like the words it said:
"The cows have strayed away again, I fear;
I watched them pretty close; don't scold me, dear.
And where they are I think I *nearly* know;
I heard the bell not very long ago.
I've hunted for them all the afternoon;
I'll try once more,—I think I'll find them soon.
Dear, if a burden I have been to you,
And haven't helped you as I ought to do,
Let old-time memories my forgiveness plead;
I've tried to do my best,—I have, indeed.
Darling, piece out with love the strength I lack,
And have kind words for me when I get back."

Scarce did I give this letter sight and tongue,—
Some swift-blown rain-drops to the window clung,
And from the clouds a rough, deep growl proceeded;
My thunder-storm had come, now 'twasn't needed.
I rushed out-door. The air was stained with black:
Night had come early, on the storm-cloud's back:
And every thing kept dimming to the sight,
Save when the clouds threw their electric light;
And she, while I was sheltered, dry, and warm,
Was somewhere in the clutches of this storm!
She who, when storm-frights found her at her best,
Had always hid her white face on my breast!

My dog, who'd skirmished round me all the day,
Now, crouched and whimpering, in a corner lay;
I dragged him by the collar to the wall,
I pressed his quivering muzzle to a shawl,—

"Track her, old boy!" I shouted; and he whined,
Matched eyes with me, as if to read my mind,
Then with a yell went tearing through the wood.
I followed him, as faithful as I could.
All night we dragged the woods without avail;
The ground got drenched,—we could not keep the trail.
Three times again my cabin-home I found,
Half hoping she might be there, safe and sound;
But each time 'twas an unavailing care:
My house had lost its soul; she was not there!

When, climbing the wet trees, next morning-sun
Laughed at the ruin that the night had done,
Bleeding and drenched, by toil and sorrow bent,
Back to what used to be my home I went.
But, as I neared our little clearing-ground,—
Listen!—I heard the cow-bell's tinkling sound.
The cabin-door was just a bit ajar;
It gleamed upon my glad eyes like a star.
"Brave heart," I said, "for such a fragile form!
She made them guide her homeward through the storm!"
Such pangs of joy I never felt before.
"You've come!" I shouted, and rushed through the door.

Yes, she had come,—and gone again. She lay
With all her young life crushed and wrenched away,—
Lay, the heart-ruins of our home among,
Not far from where I killed her with my tongue.
The rain-drops glittered 'mid her hair's long strands,
The forest thorns had torn her feet and hands,
And 'midst the tears—brave tears—that one could trace
Upon the pale but sweetly resolute face,
I once again the mournful words could read,
"I've tried to do my best,—I have, indeed."

THE DANDY FIFTH.

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

'TWAS the time of the workingmen's great strike, when all the land stood still
At the sudden roar from the hungry mouths that labor could not fill;
When the thunder of the railroad ceased, and startled towns could spy
A hundred blazing factories painting each midnight sky;
Through Philadelphia's surging streets marched the brown ranks of toil,
The grimy legions of the shops, the tillers of the soil.
White-faced militiamen looked on, while women shrank with dread;
'Twas muscle against money then, 'twas riches against bread.
Once, as the mighty mob tramped on, a carriage stopped the way,
Upon the silken seat of which a young patrician lay;
And, as with haughty glance, he swept along the jeering crowd,
A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks took off his cap and bowed.
That night the Labor League was met, and soon the chairman said,
"There hides a Judas in our midst, one man who bows the head,
Who bends the coward's servile knee when capital rolls by."
"Down with him!" "Kill the traitor cur!" rang out the savage cry.
Up rose the blacksmith, then, and held erect his head of gray:
"I am no traitor, though I bowed to a rich man's son to-day;
And, though you kill me as I stand, as like you mean to do,—
I want to tell a story short, and I ask you'll hear me through.
I was one of those who enlisted first, the old flag to defend;
With Pope and Halleck, with 'Mac' and Grant, I followed to the end.

'Twas somewhere down on the Rapidan, when the Union cause looked drear,
That a regiment of rich young bloods came down to us from here.
Their uniforms were by tailors cut; they brought hampers of good wine;
And every squad had a servant, too, to keep their boots in shine;
They'd naught to say to us dusty 'vets,' and, through the whole brigade,
We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth, when we passed them on parade.
Well, they were sent to hold a fort that Rebs tried hard to take,
'Twas the key of all our line, which naught while it held out could break,
But a fearful fight we lost just then, the reserve came up too late,
And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth, hung the whole division's fate.
Three times we tried to take them aid, and each time back we fell,
Though once we could hear the fort's far guns boom like a funeral knell;
Till at length Joe Hooker's corps came up, and then straight through we broke;
How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats still back of the drifting smoke!
With bands all front and our colors spread we swarmed up the parapet,
But the sight that silenced our welcome shout I shall never in life forget.
Four days before had their water gone,—they had dreaded that the most,—
The next, their last scant ration went, and each man looked a ghost
As he stood gaunt-eyed, behind his gun, like a crippled stag at bay,
And watched starvation, not defeat, draw nearer every day.
Of all the Fifth, not fourscore men could in their places stand,
And their white lips told a fearful tale, as we grasped each bloodless hand.

The rest in the stupor of famine lay, save here and there a few
In death sat rigid against the guns, grim sentinels in blue;
And their colonel could not speak or stir, but we saw his proud eye thrill
As he simply glanced to the shot-scarred staff where the old flag floated still!
Now, I hate the tyrants who grind us down, while the wolf snarls at our door,
And the men who've risen from us, to laugh at the misery of the poor;
But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand I have left the strength to lift,
I will touch my cap to the proudest swell who fought in the Dandy Fifth!"

INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1776.

[When the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, the event was announced by ringing the old State-House bell, which bore the inscription "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!" The old bellman stationed his little grandson at the door of the hall, to await the instructions of the door-keeper when to ring. At the word, the young patriot rushed out, and clapping his hands, shouted:— *"Ring!* RING! RING!"]

THERE was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,—
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State-House,
So they surged against the door;

And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"O God, grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State-House,
While all solemnly inside
Sat the Continental Congress,
Truth and reason for their guide.
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway,
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The long-expected news, to tell.

See, see! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthened line,

As the boy beside the portal
  Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
  Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
  Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
  Whilst the boy cries joyously:
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpapa,
  Ring! O ring for Liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal,
  The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
  Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
  How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
  The calmly-gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
  Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
  Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State-House bell is silent,
  Hushed is now its iron tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
  Still is living,—ever young;
And, when we greet the sunlight
  On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
  Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out our Independence,
  Which, please God, shall never die!

C'RRECT CARD.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

"C'RRECT card, sir? C'rrect card, sir? What! you've seen my face before? Well I dare say as how you have, sir, and so have many more; but they passes me by without a word—and perhaps it's just as well; a poor crippled chap like me, sir, ain't fit company for a swell. But I've seen the time when they all was proud with me to be talking seen—when I rode for Lord Arthur Forester, and wore the black and green. How did it happen? I'll tell you, sir. You knew little Fanny Flight—old Farmer Flight's one daughter—always so pretty and bright? You used to joke with her sometimes, sir, and say as, if you she'd marry, you'd set up a 'pub' together, and pitch your folks to Old Harry. You was just down for the holidays, sir, from Oxford, where you were at school; but *you* only played at being in love, while I . . . . . was a cursed fool! Well, there were lots of 'm after her, sir, what with her ways and face; but I was in earnest, you see, sir, and rode a waiting race. 'Twas one fine April morning, when she came out to see us train, and just as she stood with her little hand holding on by my horse's mane, I felt as how I could do it, and came with a rush, you see, and I said to her—all of a tremble, sir,—'Fan, will you marry me?' And she blushed and smiled, and whinnied, and after a bit she agreed that as soon as I found the money to pay for our keep and feed, why we'd run in harness together. We'd ha' made a tidyish pair; for I weren't a bad looking colt at the time, and *she*—such a nice little mare! Such a mouth! such a forehead! such action! Ah, well, let 'em say what they may, that's the sort to make running with us, sir,—though, hang it! they never can *stay*.

"Well, the time went on, and I rode my best, and they called me a 'cuteish' chap, and Lord Arthur put me up to ride for the Leicestershire Handicap. Lord Arthur, he was a *gentleman*—never

was stingy or mean—and he said, 'I'll give you five hundred, my man, if you win with the black and green.' Well, the horse I rode was Rasper; perhaps you remember him?—Black all but one white foot, sir; *and* a temper!—he'd pull like sin. But jump like a bird if he had a mind—plenty of power and pace—and I knew he had it in him, and I swore I'd win the race. The night before the race came off I went down to Farmer Flight's—they'd got to expect me regular now on Tuesday and Friday nights—and I told her what Lord Arthur said, and how, if I chanced to win, w'ed go into double harness on the strength of his lordship's tin. And she put my colors in her hair, and her arms around my neck, and I felt . . . . . but, hang it! a chap's a fool as can't keep his feelings in check. But then, you sees, sir, I *was* a fool—a big one as ever was seen—but then I was only twenty when I rode in the black and green. I got up early next morning, and felt as light as a feather, and I went to start for the stables; and mother she asked me whether I'd not take my flask in my pocket, in case it might come in handy; but 'Mother,' I says, 'when a chap's in love, he don't feel to want any brandy.' And I thought, as I put on a new pair o' spurs, and a jacket bran new and clean, that I'd give long odds that I'd pull it off—ten to one on the black and green. Well, Lord Arthur gave me my orders, and a leg up on to my horse, and I just had taken my canter and was coming back up the course, when who should I spy but Fanny, in a stylish sort of a trap, talking away like blazes to a dark, long-whiskered chap; but I hadn't time to think of more, for we got the word to start, and Rasper gave a thundering tear that nearly pulled out my heart; and then I pulled him together, for mine was a waiting race, and I knew that what was to win it was Rasper's pluck, not pace. Well, I got round all right the first time; the fences were easy enough —at least to a couple like *we* were; the only one that was tough was a biggish hedge, with a post and rails; but the taking-off was fair, and I shouldn't call it a dangerous jump, as long as you took it with care. And Rasper! that very morning I said to Lord Arthur, I said, 'I think as that horse there could jump a *church,* if he took

the thing into his head'; and that morning he went like a lady and looked as bright as a bean, and I knew, if it only lasted, I'd win with the black and green. I was riding Rasper easy, when, just as we passed the stand, it struck me the carriage that Fanny was in was somewhere upon my right hand; and I took a pull at Rasper, and a glance toward that side, and I saw what made me forget the race and forget the way to ride—only a kiss! An' what's a kiss to the like of him and her? But I could not help letting Rasper feel that I wore a long-necked spur; and though I set my teeth to be cool and steadied him with the rein, I knew that the devil in Rasper was up, and couldn't be laid again; and the very next fence, though I kept him straight, and he went at it after the rest, I could feel that he meant to do his worst, and I couldn't ride my best. For, you know, when a man feels desperate-like, he's no more head than a child, and it's all *up* with a jock, you see, if he goes at his fences wild. Over the next fence —over the next—till I thought, as my teeth I set, if I only could keep my head to my work, I might pull through with it yet; and I took a pull at Rasper, and fell back a bit to the tail, for I'd never forget the one difficult spot—the hedge with the post and rail. How it all comes back! We're in the field—now for a rattling burst; for the race is half won by the horse and man that crosses that fence first. I run up to my horses and pass them—I've given Rasper his head; I can hear, some lengths behind me, the trampling and the tread; and now I send him at it firmly but not too fast—he stops—lays his ears back—REFUSES! *The devil's come out at last!* And I dig in the steel and let him feel the sting of stout whalebone, and I say, 'You shall do it, you devil! if I break your neck and my own.' And the brute gives a squeal, and rushes at the post and rail like mad—no time to rise him at it—not much use if I had; and then . . . well, I feel a crash and a blow, and hear a woman scream, and I seem to be dying by inches in a horrid sort of a dream.

"No, thank ye—I'd rather not, sir. You see, they ain't all like you; these gents as has plenty of money don't care who they

gives it to; but as for stopping and saying a word, and hearing a fellow's tale, they'd rather give him a crown, sir, or stand him a quart of ale. But it brings back old times to be talking to you. Ah! the jolly old times as I've seen, when I rode for Lord Arthur (c'rrect card, sir?) and wore the black and green!"

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

G. W. BAGBY.

WELL, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard-table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been, he'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leede'd a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the base,—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I, "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin.' If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other I'd—"

But my neighbor says "Heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up, and see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some

more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor, "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it begun to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams, running between golden gravels; and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

The most curious thing was the little white angel-boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music-brook, and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall; and between the black, sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried, because I wanted

to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivelin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he give 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin'; and, not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped spang onto my seat, and jest hollered,

"Go it, my Rube!"

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, "Put him out! put him out!"

"Put your great grandmother's grizzly-gray-greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me, if you dare! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church-bells over the hills. The

candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. * * * * Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetened with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin, he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He knockt her down and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and *then* he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He far'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all-hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand double bow-knots.

By jinks! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his center, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file,

he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon,—siege-guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder,—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnel, grape, canister, mortars, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt,—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-penny nails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree, Tump, Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle—raddle-addle-addle-addle—riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle—p-r-r-r-rlank! Bang! ! ! lang! perlang! p-r-r-r-r-r! ! Bang! !

With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the a'r and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi quivers, and I know'd no mo'.

TOUSSAINT'S LAST STRUGGLES FOR HAYTI.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

IT was 1801. The Frenchmen who lingered on the island described its prosperity and order as almost incredible. You might trust a child with a bag of gold to go from Samana to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household; the valleys laughed with fertility; culture climbed the mountains; the commerce of the world was represented in its harbors. At this time Europe concluded the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced his eyes across the Atlantic, and, with a single stroke of his pen, reduced Cayenne and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his council,

"What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slaveholders said, "Give it to us."

Colonel Vincent, who had been private secretary to Toussaint, wrote a letter to Napoleon, in which he said: "Sire, leave it alone; it is the happiest spot in your dominions; God raised this man to govern; races melt under his hand. He has saved you this island; for I know of my own knowledge that when the republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III. offered him any title and any revenue if he would hold the island under the British crown. He refused, and saved it for France."

Napoleon turned away from his council, and is said to have remarked, "I have sixty thousand republican soldiers: I must find them something to do." He meant to say, "I am about to seize the crown; I dare not do it in the faces of sixty thousand republican soldiers: I must give them some work at a distance to do." He resolved to crush Toussaint, and sent against him an army, giving to General Leclerc thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders to re-introduce slavery.

Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, Toussaint looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose tread, like Cæsar's, had shaken Europe,—soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Cristophe, exclaimed: "All France is come to Hayti; they can only come to make us slaves; and we are lost!" He then recognized the only mistake of his life,—his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man

the hell he comes to make;" and he was obeyed.

When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dikes, give Holland back to ocean;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshaled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

It is true, the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But, remember, the white man fitly accompanied his infamous attempt to reduce freemen to slavery with every bloody and cruel device that bitter and shameless hate could invent. Aristocracy is always cruel. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his first struggle to gain his freedom he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies, as the people in every age and clime have always done when rising against aristocrats. Now, to save his liberty, the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon and turned back the hateful invaders with a vengeance as terrible as their own, though even now he refused to be cruel.

Leclerc sent word to Cristophe that he was about to land at Cape City. Cristophe said, "Toussaint is governor of the island. I will send to him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town and fight over its ashes."

Leclerc landed. Cristophe took two thousand white men, women, and children, and carried them to the mountains for safety, then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had just finished for him, and in forty hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought in its streets, and the French driven back to their boats. Wherever they went they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the Marseillaise Hymn, and the French stood still; they could not fight the Marseillaise. And it was not till their officers sabred them on that they advanced, and then they were beaten.

Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They issued proclamations, saying, "We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights you claim." They cheated every one of his officers except Cristophe and two others, and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc, "I will submit. I could continue the struggle for years,—could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that, I will submit and come in." He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected, and that the island should be free.

As the French general glanced along the line of his splendidly equipped troops, and saw opposite Toussaint's ragged, ill-armed followers, he said to him, "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?"—"I would have taken yours," was the Spartan reply.

He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming, when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be let at large. So they summoned him to attend a council; he went, and the moment he entered the room the officers drew their swords and told him he was prisoner.

They put him on shipboard, and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight he turned to the captain and said, "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep that all France can never root it up."

He was sent to the Castle of St. Joux, to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window, high up on one side, looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In this living tomb the child of the sunny tropic was left to die.

From the moment he was betrayed the negroes began to doubt the French, and rushed to arms. Then flashed forth that defying

courage and sublime endurance which show how alike all races are when tried in the same furnace. The war went on. Napoleon sent over thirty thousand more soldiers. But disaster still followed their efforts. What the sword did not devour the fever ate up. They were chased from battle-field to battle-field, from fort to fort, and finally the French commander begged the British admiral to cover the remnant of his troops with the English flag, and the generous negroes suffered the invaders to embark undisturbed.

Hayti is become a civilized state, the seventh nation in the catalogue of commerce with this country, inferior in morals and education to none of the West Indian isles. Foreign merchants trust her courts as willingly as they do our own. Toussaint made her what she is.

In this work there were grouped around him a score of men, mostly of pure negro blood, who ably seconded his efforts. Toussaint was indisputably their chief. Courage, purpose, endurance, —these are the tests. He did plant a state so deep that all the world has not been able to root it up.

CUDDLE DOON.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faucht an' din.
"O, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues;
Your father's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak:
I try to gie a froon;
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curley heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
The rascal starts them a'.

I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,—
They stop a wee the soun',—
Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But, ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance;
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks:
He'd bother half the toon;
But aye I hap them up, and cry,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their father's fit;
An', as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An', just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs:
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An', as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee;

Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

SHIP OF FAITH.

MY bruddren, ef yous gwine to git saved, you got to git on board de Ship ob Faith. I tell you, my bruddren, dere ain't no odder way. Dere ain't no gitten up de back stairs, nor goin' 'cross lots; you can't do dat away, my bruddren, you got to git on board de Ship ob Faith.

Once 'pon a time dere was a lot ob colored people, an' dey was all gwine to de promised land. Well, dey knowed dere w'an't no odder way for 'em to do but to git on board de Ship ob Faith. So dey all went down an' got on board, de ole granfaders, an' de ole granmudders, an' de pickaninnies, an' all de res' ob 'em. Dey all got on board 'ceptin' one mons'us big feller, he said he's gwine to swim, he was. "W'y!" dey said, "you can't swim so fur like dat. It am a powerful long way to de promised land!" He said: "I kin swim anywhur, I kin. I git board no boat, no, 'deed!"

Well, my bruddren, all dey could say to dat poor disluded man dey couldn't git him on board de Ship ob Faith, so dey started off. De day was fair, de win' right; de sun shinin' and ev'ryt'ing b'utiful, an' dis big feller he pull off his close and plunge in de water. Well, he war a powerful swimmer, dat man, 'deed he war; he war dat powerful he kep' right 'long side de boat all de time; he kep' a hollerin' out to de people on de boat, sayin': "What you doin' dere, you folks, brilin' away in de sun; you better come down heah in de water, nice an' cool down here." But dey said: "Man alive, you better come up here in dis boat while you got a chance." But he said: "No, indeedy! I git aboard no boat; I'm havin' plenty fun in de water."

Well, bimeby, my bruddren, what you tink dat pore man seen? *A horrible, awful shark,* my bruddren; mouf wide open, teef

more'n a foot long, ready to chaw dat pore man all up de minit he catch him. Well, when he seen dat shark he begun to git awful scared, an' he holler out to de folks on board de ship: "Take me on board, take me on board, quick!" But dey said: "No, indeed; you wouldn't come up here before, you swim now!"

He look over his shoulder an' he seen dat shark a-comin' an' he let hisself out. Fust it was de man an' den it was de shark, an' den it was de man again, dat away, my bruddren, *plum to de promised land.* Dat am de blessed troof I'm a-tellin' you dis minit. But what do you t'ink was a-waitin' for him on de odder shore when he got dere? *A horrible, awful lion,* my bruddren, was a-stan'in' dere on de shore, a-lashin' his sides wid his tail, an' a-roarin' away fit to devour dat pore nigger de minit he git on de shore.

Well, he *war* powerful scared den, he don't know what he gwine to do. If he stay in de water de shark eat him up; if he go on shore de lion eat him up; he dunno what to do. But he put his trust in de Lord, an' went for de shore. Dat lion he give a fearful roar an' bound for him; but, my bruddren, as sure as you live an' breeve, dat horrible, awful lion he jump clean ober dat pore feller's head into de water; an' *de shark eat de lion.* But, my bruddren, don't you put your trust in no such circumstance; dat pore man he done git saved, but I tell you *de Lord ain't a-gwine to furnish a lion fo' every nigger!*

THE V-A-S-E.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

FAR from the crowd they stood apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the Soulful Soul from Kalamazoo,—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

. . . . . .

Long they worshiped, but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said, "What a lovely vace!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims, "It is quite a lovely vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs, "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

And then each nose was a sight to see
Turned up in contempt at the other three.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

W. P. PALMER.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys.
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent.
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe?"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came,—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,

The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
That you my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I did not mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls;
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

THE other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a care-worn expression.

"Ma," said the boy, pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?"

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush? Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

"Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight, look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll whip you again if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed, "Madam, hereafter, when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in that crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were agèd and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared-for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,—
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage-wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop,—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her, and whispered low
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her agèd hand on his strong young arm
She placed; and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong:

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's agèd and poor and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help *my* mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her four score years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

OCH! don't be talkin'. *Is it howld on ye say?* An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, an' me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands? To think o' me toilin' like a nager, for the six year I've been in Ameriky,—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry! to be bate by the likes o' them! (Faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be list'nin' than drawin' your remarks.) An' is it meself, with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer.

Sure, an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter-man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "an' Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars an' brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacint an' honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', an' says, kind o' shcared, "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a bit strange."

Wid that she shoots the doore, an' I, misthrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up an'—howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yallar it 'ud sicken you to see him; an' sorra a stitch was on him, but a

black night-gown over his trowsers, an' the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, an' a black tail a-hangin' down from behind, wid his two feet stook into the haythenestest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was up stairs before you could turn about, a-givin' the missus warnin', an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, an' playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins, an' taich 'em all in our power,—the saints save us! Well, the ways an' trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'.

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen, an' he a-atin wid drum-sticks,—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for ironin', an' fill his haythin mouth wid water, an', afore I could hinder, squirrit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, an' fold it up tight, as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since iver I've bin in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praties or the likes o' that, an', do ye mind? that haythen would do the same thing after me, whinivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' any thing.

Did I lave fur that? Faix, an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into throuble with me missus, the haythen? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n'll go into any thing dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now an' then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper, an' put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit, the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn, the missus was a spakin' pleasant an' respec'ful wid me in me kitchen, when the grocer boy comes in

an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar, an' what not, where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chase right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit an' pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, an' the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's *you* ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she; an' so it went till she give me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady, an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

SHE WOULD BE A MASON.

JAMES L. LAUGHTON.

THE funniest thing I ever heard,
The funniest thing that ever occurred,
Is the story of Mrs. Mehitable Byrde,
Who wanted to be a Mason.

Her husband, Tom Byrde, a Mason true—
As good a Mason as any of you;
He is tyler of Lodge Cerulean Blue,
And tyles and delivers the summons due—
And she wanted to be a Mason, too,
This ridiculous Mrs. Byrde.

She followed round, this inquisitive wife,
And nagged him and teased him half out of his life;
So to terminate this unhallowed strife,
He consented at last to admit her.

And first, to disguise her from bonnet and shoon,
This ridiculous lady agreed to put on
His breech—ah! forgive me—I meant pantaloons;
And miraculously did they fit her.

The lodge was at work on the Master's degree,
The light was ablaze on the letter C;
High soared the pillars J and B.
The officers sat like Solomon, wise;
The brimstone burned amid horrible cries;
The goat roamed wildly through the room;
The candidate begged to let him go home;
And the devil himself stood up at the east,
As broad as an alderman at a feast,
When in came Mrs. Byrde.

O horrible sounds! O horrible sight!
Can it be that Masons take delight
In spending thus the hours of night?
Ah! could their wives and daughters know
The unutterable things they say and do,
Their feminine hearts would burst with wo!
But this is not all my story.
Those Masons joined in a hideous ring,
The candidate howling like everything,
And thus in tones of death they sing
(The candidate's name was Morey):
"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble;
Blood to drink and bones to crack,
Skulls to smash and lives to take,
Hearts to crush and souls to burn;
Give old Morey another turn!"

The brimstone gleamed in lurid flame,
Just like a place we will not name;

Good angels, that inquiring came
From blissful courts, looked on with shame
And tearful melancholy.
Again they dance, but twice as bad,
They jump and sing like demons mad;
The tune is far from jolly:
"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble;
Blood to drink and bones to crack,
Skulls to smash and lives to take,
Hearts to crush and souls to burn;
Give old Morey another turn!"

Trembling with horror stood Mrs. Byrde,
Unable to speak a single word.
She staggered and fell in the nearest chair,
On the left of the junior warden there,
And scarcely noticed, so loud the groans,
That the chair was made of human bones.
Of human bones! On grinning skulls
That ghastly throne of horror rolls;
Those skulls, the skulls that Morgan bore;
Those bones, the bones that Morgan wore.
His scalp across the top was flung,
His teeth around the arms were strung.
Never in all romance was known
Such uses made of human bone.

There came a pause—a pair of paws
Reached through the floor, up sliding-doors,
And grabbed the unhappy candidate!
How can I, without tears, relate
The lost and ruined Morey's fate?
She saw him sink in a fiery hole,
She heard him scream, "My soul! My soul!"
While roars of fiendish laughter roll,

And drown the yells for mercy:
"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble;
Blood to drink and bones to crack,
Skulls to smash and lives to take,
Hearts to crush and souls to burn;
Give old Morey another turn!"

The ridiculous woman could stand no more,
She fainted and fell on the checkered floor,
'Midst all the diabolical roar.
What then, you ask me, did befall
Mehitable Byrde? Why, nothing at all—
She dreamed she had been in a Mason's hall.

YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

W. S. GILBERT.

'TWAS on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

And he shook his fists, and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"O elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
But I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumpin' quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned,
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom.
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be.'
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,

For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you!*"

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt,
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shallot
And some sage and parsley, too.

" 'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
' 'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth—
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

. . . . .

"And I never grieve, and I never smile,
And I never larf nor play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;

Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas.
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,

Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright
"Here is the steed, that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

YOU Wi'yam, come 'ere, sah, dis instance. Wut dat you got under dat box?
I don't want no foolin'—you hear me? Wut you say? Ain't nu'h'n' but rocks?
'Pears ter me you's owdashus p'ticler—S'posin' dey's uv a new kine.
I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi, yi! der you think dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain watermillion, you scamp, en I knows whah it grewed;
It come fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel', dah on ter side er de road.
You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you fum down in de lot.
En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eb'n be a grease spot!

I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mirandy! go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase!
En cut me de toughes' en keenes' you c'n fine, any whar on de place.

I'll larn you, Mr. Wi'yam Joe Vetters, ter steal, en ter lie, you young sinner.
Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave cookin' dinner.

Now, aint you ashamed er yo'se'f, sur? I is. I's 'shamed you's my son!
En de holy accorjan angel, he's 'shamed er wut you has done;
En he's tuk it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red letters—
"One watermillion stolen by Wi'yam Josephus Vetters."

En what you s'posen Br'er Bascom, yo' teacher at Sunday-school,
'Ud say ef he knowed how you's broke de good Lord's Gol'n Rule?
Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you boun' fuh ter be a black villion?
I's s'prised dat a chile er you mammy 'ud steal any man's water-million.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, 'n you shan't have nary bite,
Fuh a boy who'll steal watermillions—en dat in de day's broad light—
Ain't—Lawdy! it's green! Mirandy! Mi-rand-y! come on wi' dat switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n watermillion! Who ever yeered tell er sich?

Can't tell when dey's ripe? W'y you thump um, en w'en dey go pank dey is green;
But when dey go punk, now you mine me, dey's ripe—en dat's des w'at I mean.
En nex' time you hook watermillions—you heered me, you ign'ant, you hunk,
Ef you do' want a lickin' all over, be sho dat dey alleis go "punk!"

RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

M. R. MITFORD.

FRIENDS: I come not here to talk! Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom;—we are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave!—not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
In that strange spell, a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to you,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,

Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored! and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king!—and once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear,
The eternal city shall be free! her sons
Shall walk with princes!

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

ELIJAH KELLOGG.

YE call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and

when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse,—the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling.

To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans."

And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me.

Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews, but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he has tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours,—and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's-knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and then do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely; and, when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay, ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars:
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
That I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
And, if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine,)
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another, not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine:
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak.
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled!
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

MARK TWAIN AND THE INTERVIEWER.

MARK TWAIN.

THE dapper young man took the chair I offered him, and said he was connected with *The Daily Thunderstorm*, and added:

"Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you."

"Come to what?"

"Interview you."

"Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes."

I was not feeling bright that morning. I went to the bookcase, and, when I had been looking six or seven minutes, I said:

"How do you spell it?"

"Spell what?"

"Interview."

"Oh! my goodness! What do you want to spell it for?"

"I don't want to spell it; I want to see what it means."

"Well, this is astonishing, I must say. I can spell it, if you—"

"Oh! all right! Much obliged to you, too."

"I-n, in, t-e-r, ter, inter—"

"Then you spell it with an I?"

"Why, certainly!"

"Oh! that is what took me so long!"

"Why, my dear sir, what did you propose to spell it with?"

"Well, I—I—I hardly know. I had the unabridged; and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures."

"My dear sir, I beg your pardon; but you do not look as—as—intelligent as I expected you would. No harm—I mean no harm at all."

"Oh! don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way."

"Yes, but about this interview. You know it is the custom, now, to interview any man who has become notorious."

"Indeed! It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?"

"Ah, well—. It ought to be done with a club in some cases; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions, and in the interviewed answering them. Will you let me ask you certain questions?"

"Oh! with pleasure. I have a very bad memory; but I hope you will not mind that."

"Thanks! Are you ready to begin?"

"Ready."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen in June."

"Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. When did you begin to write?"

"In 1836."

"Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?"

"I don't know. It does seem curious."

"Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?"

"Aaron Burr."

"But you never could have met Aaron Burr, if you are only nineteen years—"

"Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?"

"Well, it was only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?"

"Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day; and he asked me to make less noise, and—"

"But, if you were at his funeral, he must have been dead; and, if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise?"

"I don't know. He was always a particular kind of a man that way."

"You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead?"

"I didn't say he was dead."

"But wasn't he dead?"

"Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't."

"But what do you think?"

"Oh! it was none of my business! It wasn't any of my funeral."

"Did you— However, we can never get this matter straight.

Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?"

"Eh! I—I—think so—yes—but I don't remember."

"Why, look here! Who is this a picture of on the wall? Isn't that a brother of yours?"

"Oh! yes, yes, yes. Now you remind me of it, that was a brother of mine. That's William; Bill we called him. Poor old Bill!"

"Why, is he dead?"

"Ah, well, I suppose so. There was a great mystery about it."

"That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?"

"Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him."

"Buried him! Buried him without knowing whether he was dead or not?"

Oh! no! Not that. He was dead enough."

"Oh! I see. He came to life again?"

"No he didn't."

"Well, I never heard anything like this. Somebody was dead. Somebody was buried."

"Ah, that's just it. That's it exactly. You see, we were twins —defunct and I; and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill; some think it was me."

"Well, that is remarkable. What do you think?"

"Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. But I will tell you a secret which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark, a large mole, on the back of his left hand; that was me. That child was the one that was drowned."

"Well, I believe I have got material enough for the present; and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken. Would you mind telling me what particular circumstance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarkable man?"

"Oh! it was a mere trifle! Not one man in fifty would have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over and the procession

all ready to start for the cemetery, and the body all arranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last look at the scenery; so he got up and rode with the driver."

* * * * * * *

Then the young man reverently withdrew. He was very pleasant company, and I was sorry to see him go.

GARNAUT HALL.

[A. D. 1598.]

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

HERE or hereafter? In the body here,
Or in the soul hereafter, do we writhe,
Atoning for the malice of our lives?
Some men do penance on this side the grave,
Thus Regnald Garnaut for his cruel heart.

Owner and lord was he of Garnaut Hall,
A quaint, rook-haunted pile of masonry,
From whose top battlement, a windy height,
Regnald could view his twenty prosperous farms;
His creaking mill, that, perched upon a cliff,
With outspread wings seemed ever taking flight;
The red-roofed cottages, the high-walled park,
The noisy aviary, and, nearer by,
The snow-white Doric parsonage,—all his own.
Lord of these things, he wanted one thing more,
Not having which, all else to him was dross.

For Agnes Vail, the curate's only child,—
A little Saxon wild-flower that had grown
Unheeded into beauty day by day,
With that intuitive wisdom of the pure,
Saw that he loved her beauty, not herself,
And shrank from him, and when he came to speech
Parried his meaning with a woman's wit.

"Why, then," snarled he, "if I had asked the Queen
To pick me some fair woman from the Court,
'Twere but the asking. A blind curate's girl,
It seems, is somewhat difficult,—must have,
To feed her pride, our coronet withal!"
And Agnes from that day avoided him,
And Regnald felt that somehow he was foiled,—
Foiled, but not beaten; but shortly after this
Regnald received the sorest hurt of all.
For, one eve, lounging idly in the close,
He heard low voices in the alder trees,
Voices he knew, and one that sweetly said,
"Thine!" and he paused with choking heart, and saw
Eustace, his brother, and fair Agnes Vail
In the soft moonrise lingering with claspt hands.
Eustace! curse on him, with his handsome eyes!
Eustace, whose fortune dangled at his thigh!—
He, with a score of doughty Devon lads,
Sailed with bold Drake into the Spanish seas;
Returning whence, with several ugly scars,—
And many a chest of ingots,—sunned himself,
Sometimes at Court, sometimes at Garnaut Hall,—
At Court, by favor of the Virgin Queen,
For great Elizabeth had smiled on him.

So Regnald, who was neither good nor brave
Nor graceful, liked not Eustace from the start,
And this night hated him. With angry brows,
He sat in a bleak chamber of the Hall,
His fingers toying with his poniard's point
Abstractedly. Three times the ancient clock,
Doled out the hour.

A quick step sounded on the gravel-walk,
And then came Eustace, humming a sea-song.
Hidden behind the arras near the stair stood Regnald,

Grasping his rapier part-way down the blade
To strike the foul blow with its heavy hilt.
Straight on came Eustace,—blithely ran the song,
"Old England's darlings are her hearts of oak."
The lights were out, and not a soul astir,
Or else the dead man's scabbard, as it clashed
Against the marble pavement when he fell,
Had brought a witness.

Now in a wing of that old gallery,
A certain door, which none but Regnald knew,
Was fashioned like the panels of the wall,
The secret spring that opened it unclosed
An inner door of iron-studded oak,
Guarding a narrow chamber, where, perchance,
Some bygone lord of Garnaut Hall had hid
His threatened treasure.
Sealed in the compass of that stifling room,
A man might live, at best, but half an hour.

Hither did Regnald bear his brother's corse
And set it down.
Now, whether 'twas some dark avenging Hand,
Or whether 'twas some fatal freak of wind,
We may not know, but suddenly the door
Without slammed to, and there was Regnald shut
Beyond escape; for, on the inner side,
Was neither spring nor bolt to set him free!

Mother of Mercy! what were a whole life
Of pain and penury and conscience-smart
To that half-hour of Regnald's with his Dead?

The joyous sun rose over the white cliffs
Of Devon, sparkled through the walnut trees,
And broke the death-like slumber of the Hall.

The keeper fetched their breakfast to the hounds;
The smart, young 'ostler whistled in the stalls;
The pretty housemaid tripped from room to room;
And grave and grand behind his master's chair,
But wroth within to have the partridge spoil,
The senile butler waited for his lord.
But neither Regnald nor young Eustace came.
And when 'twas found that neither slept at Hall
That night, their couches being still unprest,
The servants stared. And as the day wore on,
And evening came, and then another day,
And yet another, till a week had gone,
The wonder spread, and riders sent in haste
Scoured the country, dragged the neighboring streams,
Tracked wayward footprints to the great chalk bluffs,
But found not Regnald, lord of Garnaut Hall.

The red leaf withered and the green leaf grew.
And Agnes Vail, the little Saxon rose,
Waxed pale and paler, till the country-folk
Half guessed her fate was somehow intertwined
With that dark house. When her pure soul had past,—
Just as a perfume floats from out the world,—
Wild tales were told of how the brothers loved
The self-same maid, whom neither one would wed
Because the other loved her as his life;
And that the two, at midnight, in despair,
From one sheer cliff plunged headlong in the sea.
And when, at night, the hoarse east-wind rose high,
Rattled the lintels, clamoring at the door,
The children huddled closer round the hearth
And whispered very softly with themselves,
"That's Master Regnald looking for his bride!"

The red leaf withered and the green leaf grew.

Decay and dolor settled on the Hall.
For no one went there,—'twas a haunted spot.

The red leaf withered and the green leaf grew.
The land changed owners, and the new-made lord
Sent down his workmen to revamp the Hall
And make the waste place blossom as the rose.
By chance, a workman in the eastern wing,
Fitting the cornice, stumbled on a door,
Which creaked, and seemed to open of itself;
And there within the chamber, on the flags,
He saw two figures in outlandish guise
Of hose and doublet,—one stretched out full-length,
And one half fallen forward on his breast,
Holding the other's hand with vice-like grip:
Amazed, the workman hallooed to his mates
To see the wonder; but ere they could come,
The figures crumbled and were shapeless dust.

LOUISE, THE SLAVE.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

THEY both came aboard there, at Cairo,
From a New Orleans boat, and took passage with us for Saint Louis.
She was a beautiful woman, with just enough blood from her mother,
Darkening her eyes and her hair, to make her race known to a trader:
You would have thought she was white. The man that was behind her—you see such—
Weakly good natured and kind, and weakly good natured and vicious.
Slender of body and soul, fit neither for loving nor hating.
I was a youngster then, and only learning the river,

Not over-fond of the wheel. I used to watch them at monte
Down in the cabin at night, and learned to know all of the gamblers.
So when I saw this weak one staking his money against them,
Betting upon the turn of the cards, I knew what was coming.
Next day I saw them together—the stranger and one of the gamblers;
Picturesque rascal he was, with long black hair and moustaches,
Black slouch hat drawn down to his eyes from his villainous forehead.
On they moved together still earnestly talking in whispers,
On toward the forecastle, where sat the woman alone by the gangway.
Roused by the fall of feet, she turned, and, beholding her master,
Greeted him with a smile that was more like a wife's than another's,
Rose to meet him fondly, and then, with the dread apprehension
Always haunting the slave, fell her eye on the face of the gambler.
Something was spoken so low that I could not hear what the words were;
Only the woman started, and looked from one to the other.
"Say, is it so?" she cried. On the weak white lips of her master
Died a sickly smile, and he said, "Louise, I have sold you."
May I never see such a look of despairing,
Desolate anguish, as that which the woman cast on her master,
Gripping her breast with her little hands, as if he had stabbed her.
Then, with a gurgling moan, like the sound in the throat of the dying,
Came back her voice, that, rising, fluttered, through wild incoherence,
Into a terrible shriek that stopped my heart while she answered:
"Sold me? sold me? sold—And you promised to give me my freedom.—
Promised me for the sake of our little boy in Saint Louis.

What will you say to our boy when he cries for me there in Saint Louis?
What will you say to our God? Ah, you have been joking, I see it.
No! God, God, He shall hear it—and all of the angels in heaven,—
Even the devils in hell,—and none will believe when they hear it.
Sold me!"—Fell her voice with a thrilling wail, and in silence
Down she sank on the deck, and covered her face with her fingers.
Instantly all the people with looks of reproach and compassion
Flocked round the prostrate woman. The children cried, and their mothers
Hugged them tight to their breasts, but the gambler said to the captain:
"Put me off there at the town that lies round the bend of the river.
Here, you, rise at once, and be ready to go with me."
Roughly he seized the woman's arms and strove to uplift her.
She—she seemed not to heed him, but rose like one that is dreaming,
Slid from his grasp, and fleetly mounted the steps of the gangway.
Up to the hurricane-deck, in silence, without lamentation,
Straight to the stern of the boat, where the wheel was, she ran; and the people
Followed her fast, till she turned and stood at bay for a moment,
Looking them in the face, and in the face of the gambler.
Not one to save her,—not one of all the compassionate people.
Not one to save her, of all the pitying angels in heaven.
Not one bolt of God to strike him dead there before her,
Wildly she waved him back, and we waited in silence and horror.
Then she turned—and leaped—in mid-air fluttered a moment,—
Down there, whirling, fell, like a broken-winged bird from a tree-top,
Down on the cruel wheel, that caught her and hurled her and crushed her,
And in the foaming water plunged her, and hid her forever.

JERRY.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

"BUY a paper, plaze! She is frozen a'most,
Here's *Commercial, News,* and *Mail,*
And here's the *Express,* and the *Avening Post.*
And ivery one has a tirrible tale—
A shipwreck—a murther—a fire alarm—
Whichiver ye loike!—Have a paper, marm?
Thin buy it, plaze, av this bit av a gurrul,
She's new in the business, and all av a whirrul;
We must lind her a hand," said little Jerry,
"There's a plinty av thrade at the Fulton Ferry.

"She's wakely for nade av the tay and the toast—
The price av a paper. Plaze, sir, buy a *Post?*
Thrue as me name it is Jeremiah,
There's a foine report av a dridful fire,
And a child that's lost, and a smash av a train;
Indade, sir, the paper's just groanin' wid pain!
Spake up, little gurrul, and don't be afraid,
I'm schraichin' for two till I start yez in thrade.
While I yell, you can sell," said little Jerry,
Screeching for two at Fulton Ferry.

The night was bleak, the wind was high,
And a hurrying crowd went shivering by;
And some bought papers, and some bought none,
But the boy's shrill voice rang cheerily on:
"Buy a *Post,* or a *News,* or a *Mail,* as you choose,
For me arm just aches wid the weight av the news.
Express? Not a single one left for to-night—
But buy one av this little gurrel, sir—all right!

She's a reg'lar seller here at the ferry,
And I rickomind her high," said Jerry.

In the whirl of the throng there paused a man,
"The bell is ringing, I cannot wait;
Here, girl, a *Commercial,* as quick as you can,
The boat is starting—don't make me late."
And on through the hurrying crowd he ran
The wee girl following close behind,
After the penny he could not find;
While, with a spring through the closing gate,
After her money bounded Jerry,
Ragged and panting, at Fulton Ferry.

"One cent from the man in the big fur coat!
Give me the change, or I'll stop the boat."
Up from the deck a laugh and a cheer,
It changed to a shuddering cry of fear
As he bent his head for the fearful spring,
And then—like a wild bird on the wing—
Over the whirling waters swung,
Touched the boat with his hands, and clung
Gasping and white, to the rail, and cried
"Where is that mean old man, who tried
To steal one cent from a girl at the ferry,—
A poor little girl, with no friend but Jerry?"

Over the side went a hundred hands,
From a hundred mouths rang forth commands:
"Pull him in!" "Stop the boat!" "Take his stock!"
"Let us buy
All the papers he has!" "Send him home to get dry!"
"No, indade," said the boy—"that's not w'at I meant;
I don't want yer money; I want that one cent
From the man in that warr'm fur coat an' hat,

Who could shteal a cent from a gurrul like that.
Af iver he tries that game agin,
He'd better take me, and not Margery Flynn!"
Then cheer on cheer for little Jerry
Rang across the Fulton Ferry.

MARY ALICE SMITH.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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"WHERE—is—Mary—Alice—Smith? Oh!—she—has—gone—home!" It was the thin, mysterious voice of little Mary Alice Smith herself that so often queried and responded as above.

A slender wisp of a girl she was. Whether an orphan child, or with a father that could thus lightly send her adrift, I do not know; but I recall that on a raw day in winter she was brought to us, from a wild country settlement, by a reputed uncle, who swung this little blue-lipped, red-nosed waif over the muddy wagon-wheel to father's arms, like so much country produce. How we gathered round her when father brought her in, and mother fixed a cozy chair for her close to the blazing fire, and untied the little summer hat, with its hectic trimmings, together with the dismal green veil that had been bound beneath it round the little tingling ears!

"Dave gimme that!" she said, her eyes proudly following the hat as mother laid it on the pillow of the bed. "Mustn't git it mussed up, er you'll have Dave in your wool!"

"Who's Dave?" we asked.

"Who's Dave? W'y, Dave's a great big boy! Dave works on Barnses' place. And he kin purt nigh make a full hand, too. Dave's purt nigh tall as your pap! He's purt nigh growed up—Dave is! And—David—Mason—Jeffries—he—likes—Mary—

'Alice—Smith!" And then she broke into the merriest laughter and clapped her little palms together.

"And who's Mary Alice Smith?" we clamored.

The elfish figure straightened haughtily in the chair. "W'y, Mary Alice Smith is me."

It was not long before we were piloting the little stranger here and there about the house and laughing at the thousand funny things she said and did. "I'm mighty glad I'm come to live in this here house," she said.

We asked her why.

"Oh! 'cause Uncle Tomps, ner Aunt 'Lizabeth don't live here; and when they ever come here to git their dinners, like they will ef you don't watch out, w'y then I kin slip out here on these here stairs and play like I was climbin' up to the Good World where my mother is—that's why!"

Then we hushed our laughter and asked her where her home was, and what it was like, and why she didn't like her Uncle Tomps and Aunt 'Lizabeth, and if she wouldn't want to visit them sometimes.

"Oh! yes, I'll want to go back there lots o' times, but not to see them! I'll—only—go—back—there—to see—David—Mason—Jeffries—'cause—he's—the—boy—fer—me! And then, after I've been in this here house a long, long time, and you all git so's you like me awful—awful—awful well, then some day you'll go in that room there—and that room there—and in the kitchen—and out on the porch—and down the cellar—and all around—Oh! ever' place—and you'll look behind all the doors—and in all the cubboards—and then you'll look sorry-like, and you'll say, 'Where—is—Mary—Alice—Smith?' And then you'll wait and listen and hold your breath; and then somepin'll holler back, away fer off, 'Oh!—she—has—gone—home!' And then ever'thing'll be all still ag'in—and you can't laugh, and your throat'll thist hurt and hurt, like you been a-eatin' too much calamus root."

What a queer girl she was, and what a fascinating influence she unconsciously exerted over us!

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"Talk about riddles," she said to us one evening after supper, "it—takes—David—Mason—Jeffries—to—tell—riddles! Bet you don't know

> "'Riddle-cum, riddle-cum right!
> Where was I last Saturday night?
> The winds did blow—the boughs did shake—
> I saw the hole a fox did make!'"

We were dumb.

"W'y that's easy as fallin' off a chunk! A man named Fox he kilt his wife and chopped her head off, and they was a man named Wright lived in that neighborhood—and he was a-goin' home—and it was Saturday night—and he was a-comin' through the big woods—and they was a storm—and Wright he clumb a tree to git out the rain, and while he was up there here come along a man with a dead woman—and a pickaxe and a spade. And he drug the dead woman under the same tree where Mr. Wright was. So Wright lit out fer town, and waked up the constabul—and went out to Fox's place and had him jerked up 'fore the gran' jury. Then, when Fox was in court and wanted to know where their proof was that he kilt his wife, w'y Wright he jumps up and says that riddle to the judgeman."

One day Aunt 'Lizabeth came and took Mary Alice back with her.

It was early spring when she returned. I remember how we ran far up the street to welcome her—for afar off we recognized her elfish face peering expectantly from behind the broad shoulders of a handsome fellow mounted on a great high-stepping horse.

"Whoo-ee! Clear—the—track—there—old—folks—young—folks!—for—Mary—Alice—Smith—and—David—Mason—Jeffries—is—come—to—town!"

Oh! what a day that was! And how vain would be the attempt to detail our happiness in having back with us our dear little girl. And happy little Mary Alice Smith! A hundred times that day she swung her head back jauntily to whisper: "David—Mason—Jeffries—and—Mary—Alice—Smith—knew—something—that—

we—couldn't—guess!" That night we knew the secret. He had enlisted.

* * * * * * *

Among the list of "killed" at Rich Mountain occurred the name of "Jeffries, David M." We kept it from her while we could. At last she knew.

* * * * * * *

"It don't seem like no year ago to me!" Over and over she had said these words.

"Git me the picture again!"

She drew the thin hands up; and, smiling, pressed the pictured face against her lips, "David—Mason—Jeffries, le's—me—and—you—go—play—out—on—the—stairs!"

* * * * * * *

And ever in the empty home a voice goes moaning, "Where is Mary Alice Smith? Where—is—Mary—Alice—Smith?" and the still, belated echo, through the high depths of the old hall overhead, answers quaveringly back, "Oh- she—has—gone—home!"

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

["BENNIE AND BLOSSOM."]

"I THOUGHT, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift,—no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! He was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said,—only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

Blossom was near them listening. She had not shed a tear.

She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive a letter. "It is from him," she said.

Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope The minister opened it.

"DEAR FATHER:—When this reaches you, I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now, that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me; but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to die for neglect of duty! O father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and, when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I can not now.

"You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night, I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and, as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I took his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until it was too late."

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve,—'time to write to you,' our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Tell them I

die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me. Good-by, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if He wished me to perish forever, but as if He felt sorry for His poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him and my Saviour in a better life."

Late that night the door opened softly, and a little figure glided out. She seemed rather flying than walking, looking only now and then to heaven, and folding her hands, as if in prayer. Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face. A few questions told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than he for little Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capital, and hastened to the White House.

The President had just seated himself to his morning's task of signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, "what do you want so early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir."

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember! You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his negligence."

"So my father said; but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and

Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here."

Blossom went to him. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States too! She told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: *"Send this dispatch at once."*

The President turned to Blossom: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie shall go with you."

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened "upon the shoulder." Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. As farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, he said, *"The Lord be praised!"*

HOW TOM SAWYER WHITEWASHED THE FENCE.

MARK TWAIN.

[Tom Sawyer, having offended his sole guardian, Aunt Polly, is by that sternly affectionate dame punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden.]

TOM appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow. Sighing, he dipped his brush and

passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down discouraged.

Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him!

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat.

"Stop the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the labboard! Come ahead on the stabboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head-line. *Lively* now! Come—out with your spring line—what're you about there! Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage, now—let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling!"

Tom paid no attention. Ben stared a moment.

"Hi-*yi! you're* a stump, ain't you?"

Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said: "Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?"

"Why, it's you, Ben; I warn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd druther *work*, wouldn't you? Course you would!"

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't *that* work?"

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again.

"Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little."

"No, I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and *she* wouldn't. This fence's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh, come now, lemme just try. I'd let *you*, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injin; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks! I'll be just as careful. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you *all* of it."

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, he sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. Boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had twelve marbles, part of a jewsharp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock any-

thing, a fragment of chalk, a glass-stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six firecrackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar, the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash.

Tom had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

He said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Appareled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, *"Deposuit potentes*
De sede et exaltavit humiles;"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,

"What mean these words!" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,

There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night
And vanished like a specter from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,

Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace-gate;
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords!
The Angel answered with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counselor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.

And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train

Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if a better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all appareled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

IVRY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

NOW glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land of France!
And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears!
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed;
And he has bound a snow white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye,
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"

"And if my standard bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where you see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint-Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now God be praised, the day is ours; Mayenne hath turned his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
Remember Saint Bartholomew! was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, then—"No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;

And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white—
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine,
Up with it high; unfurl it wide—that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna! ho! matrons of Lucerne—
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night;
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, for whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

LOCHINVAR.

WALTER SCOTT.

O H, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,—
Through all the wild border his steed was the best!
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,—
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none.
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter—my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar;
"Now tread we a measure?" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood
near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung:
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scar;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

THE OCEAN.

NOEL GORDON BYRON.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control

Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,—what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts;—not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

ARRAIGNMENT OF CATILINE.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

HOW far, O Catiline! wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present?

Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed?—that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to the knowledge of every man here in the Senate? that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before; the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted?

O the times! O the morals of the times! The Senate understands all this. The Consul sees it. And yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council,—presumes to take part in our deliberations,—and, with his calculating eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter. And we, the while, think we have amply discharged our duty to the State, if we do but succeed in warding off this madman's sword and fury.

Long since, O Catiline! ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the destruction thou

hast been plotting against others! There was in Rome that virtue once, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. For thee, Catiline, we have still a law. Think not, because we are forbearing, that we are powerless.

We have a statute,—though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard,—a statute which makes thy life the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I do not doubt that all good men would say that the punishment, instead of being too cruel, was only too long deferred.

But, for sufficient reasons, I will a while postpone the blow. Then will I doom thee, when no man is to be found, so lost to reason, so depraved, so like thyself, that he will not admit the sentence was deserved. While there is one man who ventures to defend thee, live!

But thou shalt live so beset, so hemmed in, so watched by the vigilant guards I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the Republic without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper. Thou shalt be seen and heard when thou dost not dream of a witness near. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason; the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice.

Baffled on all sides, thy most secret projects clear as noonday, what canst thou now devise? Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt; there is nothing thou canst contrive, propose, attempt, which I shall not promptly be made aware of. Thou shalt soon be convinced that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the State, than thou in plotting its destruction.

CONNOR.

CONNOR walked into Mr. Bawne's great hardware shop one day.

"I've been tould ye advertized for hands, yer Honor."

"Fully supplied, my man."

"I'd work faithfully, sir, and take low wages, till I could do better, and I'd learn,—I would that."

Mr. Bawne turned briskly. "What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks? Are you any smarter?"

"I'll not say that, but I'd be wishing to."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate. Besides, I know your countrymen,—lazy, good-for-nothing fellows who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing them over to me in her two arms, thin" (despairingly), "for I've tramped all the day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer Honor, and it's but a half one."

"Bring whom over?"

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child. O masther, just thry me. How'll I bring 'em over to me, if no one will give me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms like them."

He bared his arms to the shoulder, and Mr. Bawne looked at them, and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for a week," he said.

Connor worked hard, and learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

As his wages grew, he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had made his first appearance.

"Beer costs money," he said, "and ivery cent I spind puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, them I have must do me."

He kept his way, working at night on any extra job that he could earn a few shillings by, running errands in his noon-tide

hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen to him of Nora and of little Jamesy.

At first the men made a sort of butt of Connor, but he won their hearts at last; and when, one day, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red kerchief, before their eyes, and shouted, "Look, boys; I've got the whole at last! I'm going to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whoroooo!! I've got it!!!" all felt sympathy in his joy.

Poor Connor's resting-place was a lodging-house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men; and, in the joy of his heart, the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep.

When he awakened, he found his treasure gone.

He searched every corner of the room, and begged those about him "to quit joking, and give it back."

"Is any man that bad that it's thaved from me? Boys, is any man that bad?" And some one answered, "No doubt of it, Connor; it's sthole."

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and wept.

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination.

At noon he scratched out a letter, telling Nora what had happened. From that moment he lived on bread, potatoes, and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop. A present from Mr. Bawne, at pay-day, set Nora, as he said, "a week nearer." The little hoard grew faster than the first.

At last, before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I'm going to bring them over."

The days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife. She would start on the Stormy Petrel. She was well and so was the boy.

The steamer arrived on a holiday afternoon, and half-a-dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the wharf. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawne's own servant had put it in order, and

Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"She hadn't the like of that in the old counthry," he said, "but she'll know how to keep it tidy."

Then he led the way towards the dock where the steamer lay.

The little group made their way into the vessel, and there Connor searched for the two so dear to him; patiently at first, but by-and-by growing anxious and excited.

"She would never go alone," he said. "I bade her wait, but I don't see her, boys."

"Why don't you see the captain?" asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few minutes he stood before a portly man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I am looking for my wife, yer Honor, and I can't find her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore."

"I bade her wait," said Connor.

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know."

"Nora would."

At the name of Nora the captain started.

"What is your name?"

"Pat Connor."

"And your wife's name was Nora?"

"That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, yer Honor."

"Sit down, my man! I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind."

"She sailed with us."

"Where is she?"

"My man, we all have our trials; God sends them It's been a sickly season. We have had illness on board,—the cholera. Many died, many children. When we were half way here your boy was taken sick."

"Jamesy!" gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day, and we did all we could, but at last he died. It broke my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water. 'It's his father I think of,' said she; 'he's longing to see poor Jamesy.'"

Connor groaned.

"That night Nora was taken ill also. She grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I died thinking of him,' she said, 'and tell him to meet me'—and in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He turned to his friends:

"I've got my death, boys," he said, and then dropped to the deck like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home on the little bed which had been made ready for Nora.

"Better, Connor?" asked Mr. Bawne.

"A dale, it's aisy now; I'll be with her soon. And look ye, masther, I've learnt one thing,—God is good; He wouldn't let me bring Nora over to me, but He's takin' me over to her and Jamesy over the river—don't you see it, and her standin' on the other side to welcome me?"

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms—and so died.

PASSING AWAY.

JOHN PIERPONT.

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words; as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell
Striking the hours that fell on my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of Time;
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl for a pendulum swung;
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing;)
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!
And the hands as they swept o'er the dial of gold
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed;—in a few short hours,
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way, and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fulness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud on a summer's day made,
Looking down a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,

That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed—as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face;—yet one couldn't but love her;
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came.
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan;
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on:
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust,
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands that over the dial crept,
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept;
And still there came that silver tone
From the shriveled lips of that toothless crone,
(Let me never forget, to my dying day,
The tone or the burden of that lay)—
"Passing away! passing away!"

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

CHARLES SHEPPARD.

IT is the 7th of October, 1777. Gates, sad and thoughtful, stands before his tent, gazing steadfastly upon the two armies now arrayed in order of battle. The tread of legions shakes the ground; from every bush shoots the glimmer of the rifle-barrel; on every hillside blazes the sharpened bayonet. All at once, a smoke arises, a thunder shakes the ground, and a chorus of shouts and groans yells along the darkened air. The play of death has begun. Suddenly, Gates is startled. Along the heights comes a rider, upon a black horse, rushing toward the distant battle. Lo!

he is gone; gone through those smoke-clouds, while his shout echoes over the plains. Wherever the fight is thickest, there you may see riding madly forward that strange soldier, mounted on his steed black as death. Look at him, as with face red with British blood he waves his sword and shouts to his legions. Now you may see him fighting in the cannon's glare, and the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up that steep cliff.

Over the thick hedge bursts a band of American militiamen, their rude farmer coats stained with blood; while scattering their arms by the way, they flee before that company of redcoat hirelings, who come rushing forward. In this moment of their flight, a horse comes crashing over the plains. The unknown rider reins his steed back on his haunches, right in the path of a broad-shouldered militiaman.

"Now, cowards! advance another step and I'll strike you to the heart!" shouts the unknown, extending a pistol in either hand. "What! are you Americans, men, and fly before British soldiers? Back again, and face them once more, or I myself will ride you down."

This appeal is not without its effect. The militiaman turns; his comrades, as if by one impulse, follow his example. In one line, but thirty men in all, they confront thirty sharp bayonets. The British advance.

"Now upon the rebels, charge!" shouts the red-coat officer. They spring forward. Look! the bayonets almost touch the muzzles of their rifles. At this moment the voice of the unknown rider is heard: "Now let them have it! Fire!" A sound is heard, a smoke is seen, twenty Britons are down. The remaining ten start back. "Club your rifles and charge them home!" shouts the unknown. That Black Horse springs forward, followed by the militiamen. Then a confused conflict—a cry for quarter, and a vision of twenty farmers grouped around the rider of the Black Horse, greeting him with cheers.

Thus it was all the day long. Wherever that Black Horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, toward the

setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemiss's Heights, must be won, or the American cause is lost! That cliff is too steep—that death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. But, look yonder! In this moment when all is dismay and horror, here crashing on, come the Black Horse and his rider. That rider bends upon his steed; he lays his hand upon that bold rifleman's shoulder; and, as though living fire had been poured into his veins, he seizes his rifle and starts toward the rock. And now hold your breath, as that Black Steed crashes up that steep cliff. That steed quivers! he totters! he falls! No! Still on, still up the cliff, still on toward the fortress. The rider turns his face and shouts, "Come on, men of Quebec! come on!" That call is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. Now British cannon pour your fires, and lay your dead in tens and twenties on the rock. Now, red-coat hirelings, shout your battle-cry if you can! For, look! there, in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stand the Black Horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by an hundred balls; but his rider shouts afar to Gates, "Saratoga is won!" As that cry goes up to heaven, he falls with his leg shattered by a cannon ball. Who was the rider of the Black Horse? Bend down and gaze on that shattered limb, and you will see that it bears the mark of a former wound. That wound was received in the storming of Quebec. That rider of the Black Horse was Benedict Arnold.

FALL OF THE PEMBERTON MILL.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE silent city bathed itself in rose-tints; the river ran red, and the snow crimsoned on the distant New Hampshire hills; Pemberton, mute and cold, frowned across the disk of the climbing sun.

The day broke softly, the snow melted, the wind blew warm from the river. The factory-bell chimed cheerily, and a few sleepers were wakened by hearing the girls sing on their way to work.

Asenath, the cripple, was a little dizzy that morning.

Del Ivory, working beside her, said, "How the mill shakes! What's going on?"

"It's the new machinery they're h'isting in," observed the overseer, carelessly. "Great improvement, but heavy, very heavy; they calc'late on getting it all into place to-day."

Asenath went out at noon with her luncheon, away from the rest, and sat with her eyes upon the river, thinking. She could not help wondering why God need to have made her so unlike the rest of His fair handiwork. Del came bounding by, and nodded at her carelessly.

"There *are* such pretty things in the world!" thought poor Sene.

Into her heart these words fell suddenly, "*He* hath no form nor comeliness. *His* visage was marred more than any man."

They clung to her fancy all the afternoon. She wove them in with her black and dun-colored threads.

The wind began at last to blow chilly up the staircases; the sun dipped above the dam; the mill dimmed slowly.

"It's time for lights," said Meg Match.

"Del," said Sene, "I think to-morrow—"

She stopped. Something strange had happened to her frame; it jarred, buzzed, snapped; the threads untwisted and flew out of place.

"Curious!" she said, and looked up to see the overseer turn wildly, clap his hands to his head, and fall; to hear a shriek from Del that froze her blood; to see the solid ceiling gape above her.

She sprang as the floor sunk. As pillar after pillar gave way, she bounded up an inclined plane, with the gulf yawning after her. It gained upon her, leaped at her, caught her; beyond were the stairs and an open door; she struggled on, tripped in the gearing,

and saw, as she fell, a square, oaken beam above her yield and crash.

> "At ten minutes before five, on Tuesday, the tenth of January, the Pemberton Mill, all hands being at the time on duty, fell to the ground."

So the record flashed over the telegraph wires.

Asenath opened her eyes after a time. The church-clocks were striking eight. A bonfire which had been built at a distance, to light the citizens in the work of rescue, cast a little gleam in through the debris. One of her fingers, she saw, was gone; it was the finger which held Dick's engagement-ring. The beam lay across her forehead, and drops dripped from it upon her eyes. Her feet, still tangled in the gearing which had tripped her, were buried beneath a pile of bricks.

A broad piece of flooring, that had fallen slantwise, roofed her in, and saved her from the mass of ironwork overhead. Fragments of looms, shafts, and pillars were in heaps about. Some one, whom she could not see, was dying just behind her. A little girl, who worked in her room, was crying, between her groans, for her mother.

Del Ivory sat in a little open space, cushioned about with reels of cotton. She cried presently, that they were cutting out the imprisoned people. Saws and axes flashed; voices grew distinct.

"They never can get at me," said Sene. "I must be able to crawl. If you could get some of those bricks off my feet, Del!"

Del took off two or three; then, seeing the blood on them, sat down and cried.

A Scotch girl, with one arm shattered, crept up, removed the pile, then fainted.

The opening broadened. Sene's heart leaped within her. Out in the wind and under the sky she should stand again, after all! She thought of her father, of Dick, of the supper-table set for three. Life grew sweet, now that it was slipping from her. She worked her head from under the beam. At that moment she heard a cry:

"Fire! God Almighty help them—the ruins are on fire!"

A man working over the debris had taken the notion to carry a lantern with him.

"For God's sake," a voice cried, "don't stay there with that light!"

But before the words had died upon the air the man with the lantern let it fall,—and it broke upon the ruined mass.

"Del," said Sene, presently, "I smell smoke. How red it is growing away over there at the left!"

To lie and watch the hideous redness crawling after her—it had seemed greater than reason could bear, at first.

Now it did not trouble her. She put her head down upon her arm, and shut her eyes. Dreamily she heard them saying a dreadful thing outside, about one of the overseers; at the alarm of fire he had cut his throat, and before the flames touched him he was taken out. Dreamily she heard Del cry that the shaft behind the heap of reels was growing hot. Dreamily she saw a tiny puff of smoke struggle through the cracks of a broken fly-frame.

They were working to save her, with rigid, stern faces. A plank snapped; they drew out the Scotch girl; then a man with blood upon his face and wrists held down his arms.

"There's time for one more! God save the rest of ye,—I can't!"

Del sprang; then stopped and looked back at the cripple.

Asenath sat up erect. All her thoughts grew clear and bright.

She said, "Go, Del, and tell him I sent you with my dear love, and that it's all right."

And Del at the first word went.

Sene sat and watched them draw her out.

Somebody at work outside turned suddenly and caught Del. It was Dick. The love which he had fought so long broke free of barrier in that hour. He kissed her pink arm where the burnt sleeve fell off. He uttered a cry at the blood upon her face. She turned faint with the sense of safety; and, with a face as white

as her own, he bore her away in his arms to the hospital.

Asenath looked out through the glare and smoke. For a scratch upon Del's smooth cheek, Dick had quite forgotten her. They had left her, tombed alive here in this furnace, and gone their happy way. Yet it gave her a curious sense of triumph. If this were all that she could be to him, the thing which she had done was quite right. God must have known. She turned away, and shut her eyes again.

When she opened them, neither Dick, nor Del, nor snow, nor sky, was there; only the smoke writhing up a pillar of blood-red flame.

A child began to sob that she was afraid to die alone.

"Come here, Molly," said Sene.

Molly crawled around.

"Put your head in my lap, and your arms about my waist, and I will put my hands in yours,—so. There! I guess that's better."

But they had not given them up yet. In the still unburnt rubbish at the right, some one had wrenched an opening within a foot of Sene's face. They clawed at the solid iron pintles like savage things. A fireman fainted in the glow.

"Give it up!" cried the crowd from behind. "It can't be done! Fall back!"

An old man was crawling along upon his hands and knees over the heated bricks. He was a very old man.

"I want my little gal!" he said. "Can't anybody tell me where to find my little gal?"

A rough-looking young fellow pointed in perfect silence through the smoke.

"I'll have her out yet. I'm an old man, but I can help. She's my little gal, ye see. Hand me that there dipper of water; it'll keep her from choking, may be. Now! keep cheery, Sene! Your old father'll get ye out."

"It's no use, father. Don't feel bad, I don't mind it very much."

He hacked at the timber; he tried to laugh.

"No more ye needn't, Senath, for it'll be over in a minute. Don't be downcast yet! We'll have ye safe at home before ye know it. Drink a little more water,—do now! They'll get at ye now, sure!"

But above the crackle and roar a woman's voice rang out like a bell:—

"We're going home, to die no more."

A child's notes quavered in the chorus. From sealed and unseen graves, white young lips swelled the glad refrain,—

"We're going home."

The crawling smoke turned yellow, turned red. Voice after voice broke and hushed utterly. One only sang on like silver. It flung defiance at death. It chimed into the lurid sky without a tremor. For One stood beside her in the furnace, and His form was like unto the form of the Son of God. Why should not Asenath sing?

"Senath!" cried the old man out upon the burning bricks; he was scorched now, from his gray hair to his patched boots.

The answer came triumphantly,—

"To die no more."

"Sene! little Sene!"

But some one pulled him back.

WOMEN OF MUMBLES HEAD.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

IT'S only a tale of a life-boat, of the dying and the dead,
Of the terrible storm and shipwreck that happened off Mumbles Head!
Maybe you have traveled in Wales, sir, and know it north and south;

Maybe you are friends with the "natives" that dwell at Oystermouth;
It happens, no doubt, that from Bristol you've crossed in a casual way,
And have sailed your yacht in the summer in the blue of Swansea Bay.

Well! it isn't like that in the winter, when the lighthouse stands alone,
In the teeth of Atlantic breakers that foam on its face of stone;
It wasn't like that when the hurricane blew, and the storm-bell tolled, or when
There was news of a wreck, and the life-boat launched, and a desperate cry for men.
When in the world did the coxswain shirk? a brave old salt was he!
Proud to the bone of as four strong lads as ever had tasted the sea,
Welshmen all to the lungs and loins, who, about that coast, 'twas said,
Had saved some hundred lives apiece—at a shilling or so a head!

So the father launched the life-boat, in the teeth of the tempest's roar,
And he stood like a man at the rudder, with an eye on his boys at the oar.
Out to the wreck went the father! out to the wreck went the sons!
Leaving the weeping women, and booming of signal guns;
Leaving the mother who loved them, and the girls that the sailors love;
Going to death for duty, and trusting to God above!

It didn't go well with the life-boat! 'twas a terrible storm that blew!
And it snapped the rope in a second that was flung to the drowning crew;

And then the anchor parted—'twas a tussle to keep afloat!
But the father stuck to the rudder, and the boys to the brave old boat.
Then at last on the poor doomed life-boat a wave broke mountains high!
"God help us now!" said the father. "It's over, my lads! Good-by!"
Half of the crew swam shoreward, half to the sheltered caves,
But the father and sons were fighting death in the foam of the angry waves.

Up at the lighthouse window two women beheld the storm,
And saw in the boiling breakers a figure,—a fighting form;
It might be a gray-haired father, then the women held their breath;
It might be a fair-haired brother, who was having a round with death;
It might be a lover, a husband, whose kisses were on the lips
Of the women whose love is the life of men going down to the sea in ships.
They had seen the launch of the life-boat, they had seen the worst, and more,
Then, kissing each other, these women went down from the lighthouse, straight to shore.

There by the rocks on the breakers these sisters, hand in hand,
Beheld once more that desperate man who struggled to reach the land.
'Twas only aid he wanted to help him across the wave,
But what are a couple of women with only a man to save?
What are a couple of women? well, more than three craven men
Who stood by the shore with chattering teeth, refusing to stir—and then
Off went the women's shawls, sir; in a second they're torn and rent,
Then knotting them into a rope of love, straight into the sea they went!

"Come back!" cried the lighthouse-keeper. "For God's sake, girls, come back!"
As they caught the waves on their foreheads, resisting the fierce attack.
"Come back!" moaned the gray-haired mother, as she stood by the angry sea,
"If the waves take you, my darlings, there's nobody left to me!"
"Come back!" said the three strong soldiers, who still stood faint and pale,
"You will drown if you face the breakers! you will fall if you brave the gale!"
"Come back?" said the girls, "we will not! go tell it to all the town.
We'll lose our lives, God willing, before that man shall drown!"

"Give one more knot to the shawls, Bess! give one strong clutch of your hand!
Just follow me, brave, to the shingle, and we'll bring him safe to land!
Wait for the next wave, darling! only a minute more,
And I'll have him safe in my arms, dear, and we'll drag him to the shore."
Up to the arms in the water, fighting it breast to breast,
They caught and saved a brother alive. God bless them! you know the rest—
Well, many a heart beat stronger, and many a tear was shed,
And many a glass was tossed right off to "The Women of Mumbles Head!"

SAUNDERS M'GLASHAN'S COURTSHIP.

SAUNDERS McGLASHAN was a hand-loom weaver in a rural part of Scotland many years ago. He was a simple-minded man, and knew nothing of the ways of women. Various maidens had set their caps for him, but he had never seen it. He knew his Bible well, and naturally turned to Solomon for advice,

but did not get much comfort there. "Hoo am I to understand women," he said, "for Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived, and he said he couldna understand the ways o' women; it wasna for the want o' opportunity ony way."

Instinct told him that when he went a-wooing his best dress should go on; and, looking in the glass, he said: "I canna gang to see the lassies wi' a beard like that." The shaving done, he turned and admired himself in the glass. "Ye're no a very ill-looking man after a', Saunders; but it's a' very weel bein' guid-lookin' and weel-drest, but what woman am I gaun to seek for my wife?"

He got a paper and pencil and wrote down six female names. "That's a' the women I mind about. There's no great choice among them; let me see. Several o' them I've never spoken till, but I suppose that's of no consequence in this case. There's Mary Young; she's not very young at ony rate. Elspeth McFarlane; but she's blind o' the richt e'e. Kirsty Forsyth; she's been married twice already, an' surely twa men's enough for ony woman. Mary Morrison, a bonnie woman; but she's gotten a confounded lang tongue, an' they say the hair upon her heid's no her ain hair. Jeannie Millar, wi' plenty o' siller—not to be despised. Janet Henderson, wi' plenty o' love. I ken that she has a gude heart, for she was kind to her mither lang bedfast. I think the first four can bide a wee, but the last twa—siller and love!—love and siller! Eh, wadna it be grand if a person could get them baith! but that's no allowed in the Christian dispensation. The patriarchs had mair liberty. Abraham wud just hae ta'en them baith; but I'm no' Abraham. They say siller's the god o' the warld. I never had any more use for siller than to buy meat and claes, and to put a penny in the plate on Sabbath. But they say heaven's love and love's heaven, an' if I bring Janet Henderson to my fireside, and she sits at that side darnin' stockin' and I sit at this side readin' after my day's wark, an' I lauch ower to her and she lauchs ower tae me, isna that heaven upon earth? A body can get on in this warld withoot siller, but they canna get on in

the warld withoot love. I'll gie Janet Henderson the first offer."

He put on his best Sabbath-day hat, and issued forth into the street. Instantly at all the windows there were female noses flattened against the panes. "Mither! mither! Come here! Look! There's Saunders McGlashan wi' his beard aff, and his Sabbath-day claes on in the middle o' the week! He's lookin' awfu' melancholy. I wonder wha's dead?"

Quite unconscious of the sensation he was creating, he walked gravely on toward the house of Janet Henderson. She, not knowing that her first offer was so near, was sitting spinning and singing:

"'Naebody comin' tae marry me,
Naebody comin' tae woo!
Naebody comin' tae marry me,
Naebody comin' tae woo.'"

The door opened, and there stood Saunders McGlashan.

"Lord preserve me, Saunders, is that you? What is't ye're after!"

"I'm gaun aboot seeking a wife!"

"Eh! Saunders, if that's what ye want, ye needna want that very lang, I'm thinkin'."

"But ye dinna seem to understand me; it's you I want for my wife."

"Saunders McGlashan! think shame o' yersel', makin' a fool o' a young person in that manner."

"I'm makin' nae fool o' ye, Janet. This very day I'm determined to hae a wife. You are the first that I've spoken till. I houp there's nae offense, Janet. Eh! oh! very weel, if that's the way o't, it canna be helped;" and, slowly unfolding the paper, he added: "I have several other women's names markit down here tae ca' upon."

She saw the man meant business.

"Saunders (ahem) McGlashan (ahem), I've given your serious offer great reflection; I've spoken tae my heart, and the answer's come back tae my tongue. I'm sorry tae hurt your

feelin's, Saunders; but what the heart speaketh the tongue repeateth. So I think, Saunders—I think I'll just—I'll just"—covering her face with her apron—"I'll just tak' ye. Eh! Saunders, gae 'wa' wi' ye! gae 'wa'! gae 'wa'!"

But the maiden did not require to resist, for he made no attack, but solemnly sat in his seat. "I'm rale muckle obleeged to ye, Janet. It'll no be necessary to ca' on ony o' thae ither lassies noo!"

He rose, thinking it was all over, and turned toward the door; but the maiden was there first.

"Lord preserve me! what hae I done? If my neebors come tae ken that I've ta'en you at the very first offer, they'll point the finger of scorn at me, and say ahint my back as lang as I live, 'that woman was deein' for a man;' so ye maun come every day for the next month, and come in daylicht, so that they'll a' see ye comin' an' gaun, and they'll say 'that woman's no easy coortit, I can tell ye. The puir man's wearin' his shoon aff his feet!' For, Saunders, though I'll be your wife, I'm determined to hae my dues o' courtship a' the same."

She lit the lamp of love in his heart at last. For the first time in his long life he felt the unmistakable glow. Stooping down, he took her yielding hand in his, and said:

"Yes, I wull; yes, I wull! I'll come twice every day, my Jo! my Jo—Janet!"

Before the unhappy man knew where he was, he had kissed the maiden. He blushed crimson, for it was the first kiss he had gotten or given in fifty long Scottish years, while the woman stood with a look of supreme satisfaction, and said to him:

"Eh! Saunders McGlashan, isna that rale refreshin'?"

QUACK DOCTOR [*feeling patient's pulse*]. I suppose you think me a fool.

SICK MAN. I see you can tell a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told;
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror, deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.

The woodland rings with laugh and shout
  As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers were gathered
  To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
  That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
  On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
  The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
  The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
  Across the moonlit plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
  That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
  A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
  Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
  Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
  For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
  With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
  And tears like those of spring;
For them we wear these trusty arms,
  And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
  Forever from our shore.

FOOL'S PRAYER.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

THE royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before:
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose, "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

" 'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept,—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say,—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders,—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low:
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

KENTUCKY BELLE.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

SUMMER of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay.
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Röschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle;
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell—
Came from the Blue-Grass country; my father gave her to me
When I rode North with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on, row after row:
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the Tennessee.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands out to this river shore—
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little lad:
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say,
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that he can find:
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen."

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor;
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone:
Near, nearer Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar:
"Kentuck!" I called; "Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!
I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-Woman Glen—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the doorway, with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped along—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band six hundred strong.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance:
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a sideways glance;
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the place:
I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'twas only a boy, you see;
Faint and worn, with dim blue eyes; and he'd sailed on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South!

Oh, pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words wouldn't do:
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But, when I told the laddie that I, too, was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his mouth:
"Do you know the Blue-Grass country?" he wistful began to say;
Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log-house, and worked and brought him to;
I fed him, and coaxed him, as I thought his mother 'd do;
And, when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"Oh, I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!
Morgan, Morgan is waiting for me! Oh, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of tramping, and kept him back from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly:
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still:
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear me tell—
But I stole down to that gully, and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty, gentle lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-Grass:
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how:
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high;
Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell him why—

But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse with drooping head stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it—'twas all for the Tennessee:
But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir; and the two were safe back in the old Blue-Grass.

The lad had got cross the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty, and well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur:
Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse like her!

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the blessed vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian

Like a vesture wrapped about Him,
Like a garment round Him thrown.
Not as crucified and slain
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshiping, adoring,
Knelt the monk, in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I that thus Thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the center
Of Thy glory Thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration,
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,

For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the vision and the splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the vision there remain?
Would the vision come again?
Then a voice within his breast
Whispered audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear;
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"
Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the blessed vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those

Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die;
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto Me."

Unto Me! but had the vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Toward his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the blessed vision said:
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled."

SUPPOSE.

PHŒBE CARY.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
  Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
  For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be nicer
  Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
  And learn the thing at once?

And suppose the world doesn't please you,
  Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
  Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
  The bravest, wisest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
  To do the best you can?

HER LETTER.

BRET HARTE.

I'M sitting alone by the fire,
  Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even you would admire,—
  It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
  My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
  Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
  I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
  That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.

They say he'll be rich,—when he grows up,—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds, and silks, and all that?"
"And isn't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—
If you saw poor, dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand,—
If you saw papa's picture as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest soirée of the year,"
In the mists of a gauze de Chambéry,
And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft luster
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;

Of the steps that we took to one fiddle:
Of the dress of my queer vis-à-vis;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate,—
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion, and beauty, and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted highwater,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low,)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph,—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel,—
Whatever 's the meaning of that,—
Oh! why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night,—here's the end of my paper;
Good-night,—if the longitude please,—
For maybe while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.

But know if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.

A MAN'S A MAN, FOR A' THAT.

ROBERT BURNS.

IS there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'ed a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that;
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

THE VAGABONDS.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

WE are two travelers, Roger and I. Roger's my dog:—come here, you scamp! Jump for the gentlemen,—mind your eye! Over the table,—look out for the lamp!

The rogue is growing a little old; five years we've tramped through wind and weather, and slept out-doors when nights were cold, and ate and drank—and starved together. We've learned what comfort is, I tell you! A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin, a fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow! the paw he holds up there's been frozen), plenty of catgut for my fiddle (this out-door business is bad for strings), then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle, and Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink; Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—aren't we, Roger?—see him wink! Well, something hot,

then,—we won't quarrel. He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head? What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk! He understands every word that's said, and he knows good milk from water-and-chalk. The truth is, sir, now I reflect, I've been so sadly given to grog, I wonder I've not lost the respect (here's to you, sir!) even of my dog. But he sticks by, through thick and thin; and this old coat, with its empty pockets, and rags that smell of tobacco and gin, he'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets. There isn't another creature living would do it, and prove, through every disaster, so fond, so faithful, and so forgiving, to such a miserable, thankless master! No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin! By George! it makes my old eyes water! That is, there's something in this gin that chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing and Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!), shall march a little.—Start, you villain! Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer! Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle! (Some dogs have arms, you see.) Now hold your cap, while the gentlemen give a trifle, to aid a poor old patriot-soldier. March! Halt! Now show how the traitor shakes, when he stands up to hear his sentence;—now tell us how many drams it takes to honor a jolly new acquaintance.

Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing! The night's before us, fill the glasses!—Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—Some brandy,—thank you,—there!—it passes! Why not reform? That's easily said; but I've gone through such wretched treatment, sometimes forgetting the taste of bread, and scarce remembering what meat meant, that my poor stomach's past reform; and there are times when, mad with thinking, I'd sell out heaven for something warm to prop a horrible inward sinking. Is there a way to forget to think? At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends, a dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;—the same old story; you know how it ends.

If you could have seen these classic features,—you needn't laugh, sir; they were not then such a burning libel on God's creatures: I was one of your handsome men! If you had seen

her, so fair and young, whose head was happy on this breast! If you could have heard the songs I sung when the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed that ever I, sir, should be straying from door to door, with fiddle and dog, ragged and penniless, and playing to you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife: 'twas better for her that we should part,—better the soberest, prosiest life than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent on the dusty road, a carriage stopped: but little she dreamed, as on she went, who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped! You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry; it makes me wild to think of the change! What do you care for a beggar's story? Is it amusing? you find it strange?

I had a mother so proud of me! 'Twas well she died before.—Do you know if the happy spirits in heaven can see the ruin and wretchedness here below? Another glass, and strong, to deaden this pain; then Roger and I will start. I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden, aching thing, in place of a heart? He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could, no doubt, remembering things that were,—a virtuous kennel, with plenty of food, and himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.—You rascal! limber your lazy feet! We must be fiddling and performing, for supper and bed, or starve in the street.—Not a very gay life to lead, you think? But soon we shall go where lodgings are free, and the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—the sooner, the better for Roger and me!

MR. WOOD [*a man fond of playing jokes, meeting his friend*]. Hello, Stone, how are Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?

MR. STONE. Fine, all well, thank you—how are Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the King, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso, accordingly, offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives; and, being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the King to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, " 'Oh, God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?'—'Look where he is,' replied the cruel King, 'and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see.' "]

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire.
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—Oh, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day!
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And, lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as leader in the land:
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father, whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's hue came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold,—a frozen thing; it dropped from his like lead!
He looked up to the face above,—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—the brow was fixed and white:
He met, at last, his father's eyes,—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed,—but who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts that saw its horror and amaze;
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"FATHER!" at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then.
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,—
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust knelt down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now;
My king is false,—my hope betrayed! My father,—O! the worth,
The glory and the loveliness are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside thee, yet!
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then: for thee my fields were won;
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier-train;

And, with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing warhorse led,
And sternly set them face to face,—the king before the dead.

"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me, what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought,—give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light;—be still! keep down thine ire!—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak,—this earth is not my sire:
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed!—
Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed,—his slack hand fell; upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place.
His hope was crushed; his after fate untold in martial strain;
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

HIGH-TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry-tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull! if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth hee.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells!
Play uppe *The Brides of Enderby!*"

I sat and spun within the doore;
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes:
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth!—
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking-song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow,
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow!
Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Lightfoot!
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow!
Come uppe, Jetty! rise and follow;
From the clovers lift your head!
Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Lightfoot!
Come uppe, Jetty! rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where, full fyve good miles away,
The steeple towered from out the greene.

And lo! the great belle farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
  And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
  And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of *Enderby*."

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
  Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
  Till all the welkin rang again:
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea-wall" (he cried) "is downe!
  The rising tide comes on apace;
And boats adrift in yonder towne
  Go sailing uppe the market-place!"
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he sayth;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
  With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
  Afar I heard her milking-song."

He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, *Ho, Enderby!*
They rang *The Brides of Enderby.*

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud,—
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

So farre, so fast, the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,—
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night;
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high,—
A lurid mark, and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang *Enderby.*

They rang the sailor lads to guide,
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I,—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"Oh, come in life, or come in death!
Oh, lost! my love, Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?
  Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare,
The waters laid thee at his doore
  Ere yet the early dawn was clear!
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That *flow* strewed wrecks about the grass,
  That *ebbe* swept out the flocks to sea,—
A fatal *ebbe* and *flow*, alas!
  To manye more than myne and mee;
But each will mourne his own (she sayth),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
    Goeth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.
I shall never see her more,
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
    Shiver, quiver,
Stand beside the sobbing river,—
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting-day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

They held a council standing
Before the River-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! To arms! Sir Consul,
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to the westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

The three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cry the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back ere the ruins fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he:
But he saw on old Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So spake he, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword at his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank.
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome set up a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

"Curse on him!" cried false Sextus:
"Will not the villain drown?
But for his stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

When the good man mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume,
When the good wife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom,
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LIGHT FROM OVER THE RANGE.

"D'YE see it, pard?"

"See what, Rough?"

"The light from over the Range."

"Not a bit, Rough. It's not daybreak yet. Yer sick, an' yer head bothers ye."

"Pard, yer off. I've been sick, but I'm well again. It's not

dark like it was. The light's a-comin'—comin' like the boyhood days that crep' inter the winders of the old home."

"Ye've been dreamin', Rough. The fever hain't all outen yer head yet."

"Dreamin'? 'Twa'n't all dreams. It's the light comin', pard. I see 'em all plain. Thar's the ole man lookin' white an' awful, just as he looked the mornin' he drove me from home; and that woman behind him, stretchin' out her arms arter me, is the best mother in the world. Don't you see 'em, pard?"

"Yer flighty, Rough. It's all dark, 'cepting a pine-knot flickerin' in the ashes."

"No—the light's a-comin' brighter and brighter. Look! It's beamin' over the Range bright and gentle, like the smile that used to be over me when my head lay in my mother's lap, long ago."

"Hyar's a little brandy, Rough. Thar; I seen it though my eyes are dim—somehow—hyar, Rough."

"Never, pard. That stuff spiled the best years of my life—it sha'n't spile my dreams of 'em. Oh, sich dreams, pard! They take me to the old home again. I see the white house 'mong the trees. I smell the breath of the apple-blossoms, and hear the birds singin' and the bees hummin', and the old plough-songs echoin' over the leetle valley. I see the river windin' through the willers an' sycamores, an' the dear ole hills all around, p'intin' up to heaven like the spires of big meetin'-houses. Thar's the ole rock we called the tea-table. I climb up on it, an' play a happy boy agin. Oh, if I'd only staid thar, pard!"

"Don't, Rough; ye thaw me all out, talkin' that. It makes me womanish."

"That's it, pard: we've kep' our hearts froze so long, we want it allus winter. But the summer comes back with all the light from over the Range. How bright it is, pard! Look! How it floods the cabin till the knots an' cobwebs are plainer than day."

"Suthin's wrong, Rough. It's all dark, 'cept only that pine-knot in the chimbly."

"No, it's all right, pard. The light's come over the Range. I

kin see better'n I ever could. Kin see the moister in yer eyes, pard, an' see the crooked path I've come, runnin' clean back to my mother's knee. I wasn't allus called Rough. Somebody used to kiss me, an' call me her boy; nobody'll ever know I've kep' it till the end."

"I hev wanted to ax ye, mate, why ye never had any name but jist Rough?"

"Pard—it's gettin' dark—my name? I've never heard it since I left home. I buried it thar in the little church-yard, whar mother's waitin' for the boy that never come back. I can't tell it, pard. In my kit you'll find a package done up. Thar's two picters in it of two faces that's been hoverin' over me since I took down. You'll find my name thar, pard—thar with hers—an' mother's."

"Hers? Will I ever see her, Rough?"

"Not till you see her by the light that comes over the Range to us all. Pard, it's gettin' dark—dark and close—darker than it ever seemed to me afore—"

"Rough, what's the matter? Speak to me, mate. Can't I do nuthin' fer ye?"

"Yes—pard. Can't ye—say—suthin'?"

"What d'ye mean, Rough? I'll say anything to please ye."

"Say—a—pra'r, pard."

"A pra'r! Rough, d'ye mean it?"

"Yes, a pra'r, pard. It's the—last thing Rough'll ever—ax of ye."

"It's hard to do, Rough. I don't know a pra'r."

"Think back, pard. Didn't yer mother—teach ye—suthin'? One that begins—'Our Father'—an' then—somehow—says—'forgive us'—"

"Don't, Rough, ye break me all up."

"The light's a-fadin'—on the golden hills—an' the night is comin'—out of the canyuns—pard. Be quick—ye'll try, pard. Say suthin'—fer Rough—"

"I—Rough—Our Father, forgive us. Don't be hard on Rough.

We're a tough lot. We've forgot ye, but we hain't all bad. 'Cause we hain't forgot the old home. Forgive us—be easy on Rough. Thy will be done—"

"It's comin' agin—pard. The light's—comin'—over the Range—"

"Have mercy on—us, an'—an —an'—settle with us 'cordin' to —to the surroundin's of our lives. Thy—Thy kingdom come—"

"Go on, pard. It's comin'."

"Now—I lay me down to sleep."

"That's—good—mother said that."

"Hallowed be Thy name—pray—the Lord his soul to keep."

"That's good—pard. It's all glory—comin' over—the—Range —mother's face—her—face—"

"Thine is the glory, we ask—for Jesus's sake—Amen."

"Pard—"

"What, Rough? I'm all unstrung. I—"

"Fare—"

"Rough! Yer worse! What, dead?"

THE BELLS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

HEAR the sledges with the bells,—silver bells;
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,—golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells! how it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,—brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging and the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling and the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells,—iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people,—ah, the people,—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone!
They are neither man nor woman,—
They are neither brute nor human,—
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tolling of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND HIS CHILD-WIFE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

ALL this time I had gone on loving Dora harder than ever. If I may so express it, I was steeped in Dora. I was not merely over head and ears in love with her, I was saturated through and through. I took night walks to Norwood where she lived, and perambulated round and round the house and garden for hours together, looking through crevices in the palings, using violent exertions to get my chin above the rusty nails on the top, blowing kisses at the lights in the windows, and romantically calling on the night to shield my Dora,—I don't exactly know from what,—I suppose from fire, perhaps from mice, to which she had a great objection.

Dora had a discreet friend, comparatively stricken in years, almost of the ripe age of twenty, I should say, whose name was Miss Mills. Dora called her Julia. She was the bosom friend of Dora. Happy Miss Mills!

One day Miss Mills said: "Dora is coming to stay with me. She is coming the day after to-morrow. If you would like to call, I am sure papa would be happy to see you."

I passed three days in a luxury of wretchedness. At last arrayed for the purpose, I went to Miss Mills's fraught with a declaration. Mr. Mills was not at home. I didn't expect he would be. Nobody wanted *him*.

I was shown into a room, up stairs, where Miss Mills and Dora were. Dora's little dog Jip was there. Miss Mills was

copying music, and Dora was painting flowers.

Miss Mills was conversational for a few minutes, and then laying down her pen, got up and left the room.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"I hope your poor horse was not tired when he got home at night from that picnic," said Dora, lifting up her beautiful eyes.

I began to think I would do it to-day.

"It was a long way for *him*, for *he* had nothing to uphold him on the journey."

"Wasn't he fed, poor thing?" asked Dora.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"Ye—yes, he was well taken care of. I mean he had not the unutterable happiness that I had in being so near to you."

I saw now that I was in for it, and it must be done on the spot.

"I don't know why you should care for being near me," said Dora, "or why you should call it a happiness. But, of course, you don't mean what you say. Jip, you naughty boy, come here!"

I don't know how I did it, but I did it in a moment.

I intercepted Jip. I had Dora in my arms. I told her how I loved her. I told her I should die without her. I told her that I idolized and worshiped her. Jip barked madly all the time. Lovers had loved before, and lovers would love again; but no lover had ever loved, might, could, would, or should ever love, as I loved Dora. The more I raved, the more Jip barked.

Well! well! Dora and I were sitting on the sofa, by and by, quiet enough, and Jip was lying in her lap winking peacefully at me. It was off my mind. I was in a state of perfect rapture. Dora and I were engaged.

Being poor, I felt it necessary the next time I went to my darling to expatiate on that unfortunate drawback. I soon carried desolation into the bosom of our joys—not that I meant to do it, but that I was so full of the subject—by asking Dora, without the smallest preparation, if she could love a beggar.

"How can you ask me anything so foolish? Love a beggar!"

"Dora, my own dearest, I am a beggar!"

"How can you be such a silly thing," replied Dora, slapping my hand, "as to sit there, telling such stories? I'll make Jip bite you, if you are so ridiculous."

But I looked so serious that Dora began to cry. She did nothing but exclaim, oh, dear! oh, dear! And where was Julia Mills? And oh, take her to Julia Mills; and go away, please!

I thought I had killed her. I sprinkled water on her face; I went down on my knees. I ravaged Miss Mills's work-box for a smelling-bottle, and, in my agony of mind, applied an ivory needle-case, instead, and dropped all the needles over Dora.

At last I got Dora to look at me.

"Is your heart mine still, dear Dora?"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! it's all yours. Oh, don't be dreadful."

"My dearest love, the crust well earned—"

"Oh, yes; but I don't want to hear any more about crusts. And after we are married, Jip must have a mutton-chop every day at twelve, or he'll die."

I fondly explained to her that Jip should have his mutton-chop with his accustomed regularity.

When we had been engaged some half-year or so, Dora delighted me by asking me to give her that cookery book I had once spoken of. But the cookery-book made Dora's head ache.

Time went on, and at last I held the wedding license. I doubt whether two young birds could have known less about keeping house than I and my pretty Dora did. We had a servant, of course. *She* kept house for us.

We had an awful time of it with Mary Anne.

She was the cause of our first little quarrel.

"My dearest life," I said one day to Dora, "do you think that Mary Anne has any idea of time?"

"Why, Doady?"

"My love, because it's five, and we were to have dined at four."

My little wife came and sat upon my knee, and drew a line with her pencil down the middle of my nose; I couldn't dine off that, though it was very agreeable.

"Don't you think, my dear, it would be better for you to remonstrate with Mary Anne?"

"Oh, no, please! I couldn't, Doady!"

"My precious wife, we must be serious sometimes. Come! Give me the pencil! There! Now, let us talk sensibly. You know, my love, it is not exactly comfortable to have to go out without one's dinner. Now is it?"

"Oh, you cruel, cruel boy, to say I am a disagreeable wife!"

"Now, my dear Dora, you must know that I never said that!"

"You said I wasn't comfortable!"

"I said the housekeeping was not comfortable!"

"It's exactly the same thing! and I wonder, I do, at your making such ungrateful speeches. When you know that the other day, when you said you would like a little bit of fish, I went out myself, miles and miles, and ordered it to surprise you."

"And it was very kind of you, my own darling; and I felt it so much that I wouldn't on any account have mentioned that you bought a salmon, which was too much for two; or that it cost one pound six, which was more than we can afford."

"You enjoyed it very much," sobbed Dora. "And you said I was a mouse."

"And I'll say so again, my love, a thousand times!"

"I am very sorry for all this, Doady," said Dora. "Will you call me a name I want you to call me?"

"What is it, my dear?"

"Child-wife. When you are going to be angry with me, say to yourself, 'It's only my Child-wife.' When I am very disappointing, say, 'I knew a long time ago, that she would make but a Child-wife.' When you miss what you would like me to be, and what I should like to be, and what I think I never can be, say 'Still my foolish Child-wife loves me.' For, indeed, I do."

I invoke the innocent figure that I dearly loved to come out of the mists and shadows of the past, and to turn its gentle head towards me once again, and to bear witness that it was made happy by what I answered.

MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

BAH! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. *What were you to do?* Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. *Take cold?* Indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I am alive, if it ain't Saint Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it? Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me! *He return the umbrella?* Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks—and no umbrella!

I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather; I am determined. No! they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father. People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow—you knew that—and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle! No, sir; if it comes down in bucketfuls, I'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from?

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will, and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear rubbers; and, with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But, what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; and that's what you lent your umbrella for. Of course!

Nice clothes, I shall get, too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled, quite. *Needn't I wear 'em then?* Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But, when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows. Oh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But, if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't *borrow* an umbrella. No; and you shan't *buy one*. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. Men, indeed! —call themselves lords of creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want; then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then nicely my poor children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you never would have lent that umbrella!

You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we're to have we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

The children, too! (dear things!) they'll be sopping wet: for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they *shouldn't;* (you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel!) they shall go to school; mark that! And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault. I DIDN'T LEND THE UMBRELLA.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true indeed that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his life and his own honor? Are not you, Sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of

Parliament, Boston-Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we mean to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence than consent, by repealing her Acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, Sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through the struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British King, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so; be it so! If it be the pleasure of heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that

this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it: and I leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

WILLIAM KNOX.

OH! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink:
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

[Cato is discovered seated in thoughtful posture, with Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul in his hand, and a drawn sword on table beside him.]

IT must be so.—Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,

Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,—
And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,—He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end them.
[*Laying hand on sword.*]

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
[*Touches sword.*]
This in a moment brings me to my end;
[*Lifts book.*]
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

THE PICKET GUARD.

["ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC."]

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman off in the thicket."
'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;

Not an officer lost, only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watchfires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind,
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep;
For their mother—may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips; when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree;
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it night-wind that rustled the leaves?
  Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ah! Mary, good-by!"
  And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
  No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
  The picket's off duty forever.

A SINGING LESSON.

JEAN INGELOW.

A NIGHTINGALE made a mistake—
  She sang a few notes out of tune—
Her heart was ready to break,
  And she hid from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
  But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
  And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush,
  Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
  Though feathers hid her face.
She knew they had heard her song,
  She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought that this life was too long,
  And wished she could skip a year.

"O nightingale," cooed a dove,
  "O nightingale, what's the use?

You, a bird of beauty and love,
  Why behave like a goose?
Don't sulk away from our sight
  Like a common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
  Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done—
  Only think of all you *can* do;
A false note is really fun
  From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest;
  Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
  But *you* need only *speak*."

The nightingale shyly took
  Her head from under her wing,
And giving the dove a look,
  Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass—
  The night was divinely calm—
And the people stood on the grass
  To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care—
  She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
  And there she fixed her eyes.
The people who listened below,
  She knew but little about—
And this tale has a moral, I know,
  If you'll try to find it out.

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